THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
NOVEMBER, 1927

Correspondence

Chinese Nationalism

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Those of your readers who possess even a slight knowledge of the actual situation in China will not have been greatly edified, nor surprised, at the nature of Dr. Lew's reply to the open letter addressed to him in the September issue. But for the benefit of those who may be misled by his insistence upon a purely imaginary picture of contemporary Chinese politics, it is, I think, advisable to comment briefly on his latest *apologia* for those chiefly responsible for the chaos, corruption, and crime now prevalent in China.

Those who have followed the arguments of this interesting example of Chinese semi-official propaganda will no doubt have observed that, while professing to reply to my perfectly simple and direct questions concerning the patriotic aspirations and achievements of the "Nationalists," Dr. Lew has, in fact, left them all unanswered. At the same time he has endeavoured to conceal his reticence behind a barrage of specious words. I challenged him, *imprimis*, to "cite a single province or city of China in which a legal constitution has ever had any practical bearing on the life of the people or the conduct of public affairs." He could, he declares, cite not one but scores, and he continues to assert the beneficent existence of the alleged constitution. The fact remains, however, that he has *not* named either a province or a city in which the writ of that constitution has actually run, or runs, and this for the simple reason that the place does not exist. Fine words butter no parsnips. What can be the use (except for the purpose of befooling the barbarian) of talking about a constitution and the virtue of democratic institutions in China, when it is notorious and undeniable that the rudiments of civilized government no longer exist in that country, where law, order and security for life and property have been completely destroyed? To give the devil his due, none of the bandit chiefs who call themselves "Field-Marshals," none of the westernized politicians and officials whose insatiable money-lust exceeds anything ever known in Chinese history, makes any serious pretence of knowing or caring anything about the constitution, or the establishment of democratic institutions. They leave such vain imaginings to the mission boards, to the professors, students and paid propagandists, whose business it is to create abroad an atmosphere of sentimental sympathy for their patriotic activities so that the Powers may not interfere with their lucrative business of civil war.

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" his Chinese training forbids him to mention them by name," so long as they are alive. He talks of " the long list of martyrs for the revolutionary cause " (the list of its defenceless victims would be far longer), but when he " cuts the cackle and comes down to the 'osses," the only name he can cite of a Government official who, in the opinion of his countrymen, has ever put his country's needs before his private interests, is that of the late Cantonese leader, Sun Yat-sen. He goes so far as to describe that restless demagogue as an earnest patriot, " whose only passion was to serve China." *Ex pede Herculem.* Under Bolshevik guidance and for its own ends the Kuomintang faction has canonized that irreconcilable revolutionary as the hero and prophet of Chinese Nationalism, and has adopted the meaningless jargon of his " Three Principles " as their political creed. But only those who never knew the man and his work could ever idolize him as an example of sincerely disinterested patriotism. The dominant motive of his whole life was rebellion against constituted authority (a common characteristic of the Cantonese), but as regards personal ambition and the acquisition of wealth, he ran fairly true to the normal type of Chinese officialdom. At several stages of his career he did not hesitate to modify his principles of the moment for the advancement of his private ends—for example, when he accepted a highly paid post at the hands of the monarchist dictator Yuan Shih-k'ai. In his youth, his conception of the Republican form of government was based on a partially assimilated English and Christian education; later, in 1911, when he came to the front as the chief conspirator against the Manchu dynasty, his democratic ideas and catchwords were of American origin; at a still later stage, he drew inspiration from the Japanese Pan-Asians. The fact that his " Three Principles " are undigested Marxism of Russian extraction should be ascribed rather to force of circumstances than force of character, and the circumstances were not unconnected with financial considerations. But whatever his principles, the fact remains, that neither Sun Yat-sen nor any other political leader since the Revolution has ever seriously attempted to organize even the rudiments of democratic institutions in China, or to put his country's needs before his own private interests. And the party which Sun founded, the Kuomintang, which Dr. Lew asks us to regard as working and striving in the cause of pure democracy, has repeatedly demonstrated the fact that it has no genuine interest in representative government and certainly no intention of attempting to introduce it into China. The only government which it understands and wants is government by the Kuomintang for the Kuomintang, and the methods by which it seeks to attain that end are not, and never have been, characterized by high principles of any kind. The result of Sun Yat-sen's revolutionary movement and of the civil strife perpetuated by his followers has simply been to make confusion worse confounded in China and to inflict untold sufferings upon the wretched Chinese people.

Yours, etc.,

J. O. P. BLAND.

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Seeds of War in Europe

By Ernest Remnant

IT is often said that the conflagration of the Great War burnt itself out and that not enough combustible material was left to furnish fuel for another considerable fire within fifty years. Besides, have we not now an International Fire Brigade centrally installed at Geneva and able at short notice to summon a conference to discuss the best means of extinguishing a blaze?

The truth is, that the supermen who, contemptuous of the lessons of history as of the "old" diplomacy, substituted in a few hectic months a brand-new map of Europe for the slow growth of centuries, left in each of their new States smouldering embers which must one day burst into flame unless they are put out. The probabilities of ultimate war and the certainty meanwhile of continuous friction have been so multiplied that it would be easy and perhaps justifiable to enlarge upon them in alarmist language. Four examples will suffice: Danzig, the Polish corridor, the partition of Silesia, and the dismemberment of Hungary. If, as we may reasonably hope, the war, followed by Locarno, has relieved Europe from the danger of Alsace-Lorraine, here are four new equally threatening racial and territorial provocations. Failing adjustment, they must inevitably lead to war and probably within the first half of the present century. Having lately spent a couple of months in examining some of the problems on the spot, I can best summarize my impressions by saying paradoxically that they are too bad to be hopeless.

It is unlikely that any of the nations concerned will

feel able to resort to war for fifteen or twenty years, and it is inconceivable that their grievances should remain so long unremedied. Not that remedies will be easily found or applied. One of these problems, indeed, the German-Polish territorial differences (including Danzig), every person I interviewed—ministers, diplomats, politicians of all parties, bankers, merchants, officials and neutrals—almost without exception, described as insoluble. Both parties declare their inflexible determination not to yield an inch. Both have armed themselves with impressive evidence, historical, economic, political and social, of the justice of their case and its vital necessity to their future. Both have mobilized national feeling to such a pitch that one can imagine no nearer political parallel to that unsolved problem in dynamics, What would result from the collision of an irresistible force with an immovable object? Yet, in spite of present appearances and pessimism, I am confident that before that catastrophic collision can shatter the peace of Europe a solution will have been found. Probably twenty years would need to pass before the parallel would really be exact. By that time, Germany, as compared with Poland, will again almost certainly be an irresistible force. While it is true that Poland might then be able to range on her side allies of greater or less weight, yet, as Sir Austen Chamberlain made clear at the last session of the League, Great Britain would not send troops to defend any of the new and artificial frontiers in Eastern Europe. Today, of course, Poland relies upon France; but much may happen in twenty years to render the military intervention of France doubtful. Germans in the most responsible positions make no attempt whatever to conceal their practically unanimous conviction that they will recover their lost territory—by force, if necessary. I have not met one who would admit the possibility of ultimate acquiescence in its forfeiture, not even amongst the Socialists, upon whose efforts at appeasement and amelioration of the present bitterness the Poles build hopes comparable to the once pathetically exaggerated German faith in the power of the *Manchester Guardian*. On the other hand, I found an almost fatalistic conviction amongst many Poles that

THE NEW POLAND AS DELIMITED BY THE TREATY OF VERSAILLES. THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER WAS FIXED BY THE TREATY OF RIGA IN 1921.

they would some day have to fight for their new territory and practically universal determination to face that risk—a risk, *bien entendu*, not unpleasantly immediate. Some even speak with confidence of the possibilities of a new balance of power, an entente with Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia which would oppose to Germany a Slav combination of equal numbers.

Any such grouping of forces would necessarily be of slow growth. Its stages, objects and ultimate possibilities would be too obvious to escape attention. It is inconceivable that the Powers and the other nations with a voice in the League would unconcernedly allow Europe to drift into another war in which half the Continent would be engaged from the first shot. Nor is it possible that during the next twenty years these minor States can become so strong and independent as to be able to ignore the influence, or dispense with the help, of the other nations in or out of the League. During that period, at least, finance alone will be a powerful curb to Chauvinistic ambitions. So while we must envisage Germany, relatively to Poland, becoming again in the future an irresistible force, as surely as the Polish will is today an immovable object, it is permissible to hope that an adjustment of their differences will be found at a time when the conditions are less absolute and hopeless.

It would not, I believe, be possible to get a clear grasp of these problems without visiting the countries and learning the spirit of the peoples by frank and patient discussion on the spot. But the effect of vigorous pelting with contradictory and mutually destructive opinions, as well as with conflicting statements of fact, many of which prove on analysis to be equally true if allowance be made for the angle of vision, is devastating to the ordinary intellect; one longs for the opportunity to retire to a secluded and distant eminence from which leisurely to survey and ponder the problems before expressing any views at all. For they are inextricably confused with others and even greater ones, and unless the whole can be seen in true perspective, no purely sectional judgment is of much value. I confess that, after listening for two months to the rival eloquence, passions and prejudices of two or more parties, my

mind rather resembled the condition of a place I stayed at, twenty-five miles from the Russian frontier, which had been several times ravaged by Bolshevik and other armies. It would be presumptuous, on the strength of a hasty survey of difficulties of such complexity, to propose detailed or cut-and-dried solutions of any of them. I shall therefore restrict myself in this and following articles to a general reconnaissance of the situation in Europe as it appears to me, taking a line from England through France, Germany and Poland to Russia as the axis. The space available in this number will permit only a bare outline of the views for which I shall try to present a reasoned case in further articles. I am well aware that, so far as my conclusions impugn the sanctity of the Treaty of Versailles, they will be regarded in many quarters as calculated to imperil the peace of Europe; encouraging dangerous ideas of pulling out some of the foundation stones of that very unsound structure, so flimsy that the least disturbance may result in its complete collapse. But having inspected some of the worst cracks in the building produced by hopelessly unscientific distribution of strains, I am convinced that unless it be buttressed, underpinned and substantially reconstructed, its collapse under its own weight is only a question of time. If that happen, the catastrophe will be infinitely worse.

Perhaps the most senseless and flagrant injustice amongst the many perpetrated by the amateur map-makers was the surgical operation by which large pieces were cut from the living body of Hungary and grafted on to Roumania and Czecho-Slovakia. No adequate reason for this outrage has ever been shown, and it is quite certain that such a high-spirited people as the Hungarians will never rest until it has been redressed.

Dangerous, however, as is the situation thus created, no first-class Power is immediately concerned, and we may hope that a solution of the dispute, which is in a sense *sub judice*, will be found by the League. In any case the Powers can hardly remain insensible to the appeal of Hungary, or allow it to be so embittered by delay as to lead to ultimate war. Should Roumania and Czecho-Slovakia, both unfortunately a good deal "above themselves," prove obdurate, ways can be found of

applying pressure. It will be a test for the League, by which it will either prove its capacity for firm action or be hopelessly discredited.

Of far greater magnitude is the German-Polish problem, since if the general view held by Germans, Poles, and those neutrals who as diplomats or traders have been compelled to study it that it is insoluble by amicable negotiation is correct, a solution will some day inevitably be sought by force. That the true Polish inhabitants of the country once the Kingdom of Poland remain a nation—despite their subjugation by Russia in the east, Austria in the south-west, and their harsh treatment under Prussia in the north and west—is incontestable. That they have every right to demand recognition of their nationality and of a separate national existence it would be a crime to deny. There was every reason for the re-creation of a Polish State and for its generous support during the inevitable difficulties and trials of the early stages of its development: and equally good reason to believe that an independent Polish nation would justify its existence as a political and economic unit in the family of European States. But to plant a small State with thirty millions of population, of whom ten millions are Jews and others of more than doubtful national sentiment, between the Gog and Magog of Germany and Russia, and to tear from Germany three of her most treasured possessions (Silesia, Posen, and Danzig), was an act of insanity only possible during the period of delirium that followed the war.

I will not pause to consider the ethics of the case. Their interest has been rendered rather academic by Sir Austen Chamberlain's categorical warning the other day that the various experiments in State-building initiated in a spirit of expansive confidence by the architects of the New Europe must proceed without any police protection from Great Britain. So certainly do most of them contain the seeds of future war that I have heard it seriously suggested that they were the diabolical invention of secret and sinister influences designed to ensure that end. The plain fact remains that, if the Allies were not prepared to go to war to defend the new frontiers they imposed upon Europe, they should have been rigidly governed by

considerations of expediency. It is doubtless right to restore an apple to a small boy and to admonish the big one who has taken it from him. But the moral satisfaction of a Wilson in that noble act would be small consolation to the small boy who found himself deserted by his benefactor and still obliged to fight for his apple. That will be the fate of Poland unless she can deal with her adversary before he, feeling safe from intervention, seizes again, and eats, the apple. Happily for Poland and for Europe there is yet time. No one in Germany looks for any very early agreement. That is no more likely than that Germany will get all she claims. If, as I think, an ultimate solution be found without resort to war, it will likely differ materially from the present German demands, and nevertheless afford substantial satisfaction both to Germany and to Poland. Poland must keep access to the sea, limited at present to the Free City of Danzig. There is no reason why she should not in future enjoy a choice of ports both in the Baltic and the Black Sea. The restoration to Germany of Danzig, which is, and will remain, as German as Hamburg, need not in practice result in the least economic injury to Poland. The so-called Free City of Danzig is far more anti-Polish than would be a German port competing for Polish trade. I say " competing," because I see no reason why, as part of a territorial compromise, Poland should not retain her newly-constructed port of Gdynia* with all necessary railway connections secured to her by treaty. Together with Danzig a strip of territory might be restored to Germany sufficient to give her uninterrupted communication with East Prussia. Let anyone who exclaims at the unwisdom of enclaves reflect for a moment how infinitely simpler such an arrangement would be than the present senseless muddle. Criticism of it upon any grounds must apply with much greater force to the existing confusion. The corridor would be reduced to a short length of railway crossing German territory and connecting the main railway system of Poland with her new port of Gdynia.

There is no doubt at all that Germany would offer Poland reasonable and economically adequate treaty rights

* See Note, p. 507.

to port facilities at Danzig, Stettin, and Königsburg, besides access to Gdynia.

Today every Pole and many other people will ask: What is the use of a treaty which Germany would break in war? Echo answers: What, indeed? Or, again, of a "corridor" which she would cut and a "free city" port she would seize or blockade, if she went to war? The suggested treaty would not, like the present patchwork, be a direct provocation to war, and would more likely be respected.

If we have any faith in the future of European civilization, we must assume that purely artificial barriers to economic developments will tend to be broken down in the interests not alone of individual States, but of the Continent as a whole. A glance at the map should be sufficient to convince anyone that by the time Poland, especially Eastern Poland, still as backward as Russia of which it so long formed a part, has been developed by railways, roads, and industries, its natural outlets to the sea will include Memel in the north-east and Odessa in the south-east. I will not now stop to consider either the means by which such outlets might be obtained or the conditions of their use and tenure. Lithuania as an independent State, with its couple of million population wedged between Germany, Russia, and Poland, is an economic and political absurdity, and cannot long survive. As an economic part of either Germany or Poland, Lithuania's prospects would be enormously improved. It is equally clear that the port of Odessa,* now for practical purposes lost to Europe, is the natural outlet for the produce of the rich region of the Ukraine, paralysed by the Bolsheviks, and South-Eastern Poland. If these views are fundamentally correct, it may be assumed that their realization will become a part of European policy. I say, advisedly, "European" policy, because adjustment of the differences between Germany and Poland is a problem which embraces far larger questions than their immediate territorial and frontier disputes. The venue, indeed, must be shifted to Paris, London, and Berlin, for not all the clamour of the little people at Geneva can alter the fact that the big decisions shaping European

* Until the 17th century under Polish suzerainty.

policy will be taken in those capitals. And until England, France, and Germany settle their own differences and agree upon a common policy, so long will mutual jealousies and suspicions render it impossible to settle the minor problems which not only harass the peoples immediately concerned, but endanger the peace of Europe.

Nor until an honest Government is established in Russia and that vast country is opened to the trade of the world will the means to satisfy the wants of the rest of Europe be available. Russia, like the Turkey of old, preserves a precarious and maleficent existence by fanning the mutual jealousies of other nations. Neither Germany nor Poland nor France will adopt a straightforward attitude toward Russia or even toward the settlement of their own mutual differences while they fear the effects of their action on the relations between Russia and the other parties. Hence the determination of each of them to keep on terms with Russia and to play with treaties, pacts of non-aggression, and, in the case of Germany, even a bond of mutual support which gravely compromises her position in the League. Well as they all know that the covenant of Russia is not worth the paper it is written upon, they regard it as a useful card in the game of international poker. I am not advocating a military combination against the Soviets. A common political and economic policy adopted by the Powers would soon suffice to bring Russia again into the economic system of Europe and put an end to her campaign against ordered government. But the condition precedent to such a policy is that England, France, and Germany should settle their own differences and achieve an understanding which would enable them to go forward with mutual confidence and goodwill instead of the present distrust of each other's every move.

This unhappy state of tension has endured for nine weary years. In an atmosphere poisoned by ill-will it is not only the Moscow criminals who find their opportunity. The firebrands and irresponsible Chauvinists in Germany, posing as patriots and "nationalists," hope by perpetuating hostility to France to provoke sufficient evidence of anti-German feeling to convince a considerable section of their countrymen that a war of revenge is inevitable.

The extreme state of enmity which exists between Germany and Poland in regard to the "corridor," Danzig and Silesia, is a godsend to these irreconcilables. It produced upon me the impression that Germany would make war tomorrow if she were able. And not without reason Germany attributes mainly to France this transfer of her territory to Poland in 1920. While it must be admitted that the Poles have honestly done their best to honour the treaty in regard to transit of German trains across the corridor to East Prussia, and that happily the Polish conduct of affairs in this region has been entrusted to higher officials with tact, experience and diplomatic training, sincerely anxious to make the best of a bad job, the same cannot be said of Polish administration in Silesia. Here again it is undeniable that the part played by the French at the time of the farcical plebiscite and the Korfanty insurrection would not stand investigation by any impartial tribunal. But having had opportunities for frank exchange of views with Germans in the highest positions of responsibility, both in the fields of diplomacy and finance, I am convinced that everyone is tired of the present state of animosity and cross purposes. Everyone realizes its utter futility and longs for a way out. Whoever has experience of seemingly endless and hopeless negotiation knows that sometimes a moment comes when all parties will seize upon a chance of honourable escape from an impasse. That opportunity has arrived as between Germany and France. Germany, I am sure, is ready. England is only waiting for a sign that France is willing. I doubt only if France dare trust herself and realizes how quickly the miracle could be wrought. But the period which elapsed between threats of war during the Fashoda crisis in 1898, when the boulevards of Paris were placarded with insults to England, and the consummation of the Entente in 1905 was shorter than the purgatory we have already endured by our failure to liquidate the consequences of the war.

France is perturbed at rumours that Germany is riding for a fall over the Dawes plan, and within a year or two will repudiate it. In certain irresponsible and mischievous quarters in Germany talk of this kind may

be heard and its effect in France is naturally disastrous. I found no warrant whatever for such fears amongst the great bankers and others who speak with real authority, but, on the contrary, cheerful determination to discharge reparation liabilities and confidence that even the much discussed problem of transfer can be overcome. There is, however, a unanimous demand that the total sum of the debt should be fixed and that Germany should know for how many years her payments are to be made. I hope to show next month that every consideration of justice and expediency supports that claim.

Notes

I. Gdynia, only to be found in the old maps under its German name of Gdingen, a few miles west of the fashionable summer seaside resort, Zoppot, the Ostend of the Baltic, has already reached the first stage of its completion as a seaport. Situated on the strip of coast allotted to Poland at the northern end of the corridor and about fifteen miles west of Danzig, it is regarded by the Poles as an essential national and strategic safeguard against the possibility of interference with their free use of the port of Danzig. Their experience when, fighting for their lives against the Bolsheviks, they were unable to get munitions through the only available port of Danzig, provides unanswerable justification for their decision to construct an independent port in their own territory. Germans claim that the obstruction was due only to a strike organized by the labour elements sympathetic with the Bolsheviks. This may be true, but the fact remains that the strike was dangerously effective and that the supply of munitions was a matter of life or death to Poland. German influence is all powerful in Danzig, and Germany has compromised herself by treaties with the Soviet. Gdynia is the natural answer. Danzigers and Germans affect to sneer at Gdynia as a costly and useless freak, a mere expression of Polish vanity. After spending an afternoon there, I left with the impression that, whatever the future may bring forth, Gdynia is destined to become an important adjunct to the port of Danzig, and that a site so ideally situated would in due course have been developed by the Germans

themselves had the whole of the coastline remained in their possession. The harbour works are being carried out by the great firm of Schneider of Creusot at a cost of several millions sterling, the breakwater and railway connections are completed, and shipment of coal and general merchandize has already begun. Gdynia should prove a valuable asset to Poland. Its strategic value as an independent port in the event of war with any of her neighbours, other than Germany, is unquestionable. It provides also an alternative for merchant shipping which otherwise would be monopolized by Danzig. During a tour of the whole of that great harbour in a motor-launch I saw hardly a berth vacant. The growth of traffic in the last few years has been so remarkable that there is evidently room for both.

I have already expressed the view that in the event of war between Germany and Poland, Gdynia, or any part of the "corridor," would rather be a liability than an asset.

II. For an exposition of the Polish case see:—"Poland, Germany and the Sea" ENGLISH REVIEW, September 1925. "Danzig and Poland." Prof. Simon Askenazy. G. Allen and Unwin, 8s. 6d. "Poland, Old and New." Prof. Roman Dyboski. Oxford University Press, 3s. 6d.

III. Other works dealing with the subject of this and following articles:—"The History of Reparations." Carl Bergmann. Ernest Benn, 21s. "How Europe made Peace without America." Frank H. Simonds. Heinemann, 21s. "Germany in Europe." Augur. Selwyn and Blount, 2s. 6d.

Lords and Ladies

By Arthur A. Baumann

MR. BALDWIN'S defence at Cardiff of his policy of injecting 5 million spinsters into an overcrowded electorate contained some remarkable statements. "I have never wavered in my own view that even if you desired it, which I do not, you cannot go back on the pledges given by Mr. Bonar Law and myself. The time to complain was when Mr. Bonar Law declared himself in favour of equal franchise." This is a policy of the dead hand which would seem to require a special Statute of Mortmain. Because a statesman, who was Prime Minister for a few months and who has been dead five years, expressed himself in favour of equal franchise for the two sexes, are we to be bound today by his words, which, by the way, are not given us? I deny that the party is bound even by the Prime Minister's own pledges. It is for the party to consider a policy on its merits, without regard to the consistency of any leader. One would think that parties never broke their pledges. Forty years ago the Unionist party pledged itself to maintain the legislative union between England and Ireland. Five years ago it broke that pledge because Mr. Lloyd George said it was no longer expedient to keep it. Two years earlier the same Unionist party pledged itself to protect the property and compensate the losses of Irish loyalists. It has broken that pledge, because the money has been wanted for social reforms and widows' pensions. In fine, the beach is covered with the pledges of politicians, "false as dicers' oaths." Thorold Rogers, when contesting Reading against Attenborough, said that his opponent was busy "giving instead of receiving pledges."

The only question for the public is, not what Mr. Baldwin or Mr. Bonar Law may or may not have said, but whether it is expedient at this hour to increase an electorate of 22 million by the addition of some 5 million

spinsters of all ages, of whom we are told that about 1½ million will be between 21 and 24 years, and therefore liable to the slang description of flappers. The Prime Minister is greatly mistaken if he supposes that the opposition to his policy comes from the newspapers, though, as he proposes to follow the unconstitutional example of Lord Ullswater in extending the franchise without consulting the people, I don't know what other vent for opposition is to be found except the newspapers. As the Prime Minister has adopted the odious fashion of the *questionnaire*, may I be allowed to ask him one question? Will he, when he brings in his Flapper Bill, have the courage to disfranchise the pauper, the man or woman who, actually in receipt of parish relief, was considered by Lord Ullswater to be worthy of the privilege of voting? While declaring himself, as a party leader, to be sceptical about the success of any "purely party programme"—a surprising statement—he wants his 5 million spinsters as a pretorian guard to protect him against a repetition of 1923, when the Conservatives, the largest party, were kept out of office by a junction of the Liberal and Socialist parties. I, too, am much afraid of a repetition of 1923, from which I do not believe that Amazon "armies who owe no particular allegiance" will save us. Stray spinsters are not to be trusted; and if at the next election the Conservative party fails to win by a majority over Liberals and Socialists, it will be largely due to the absence of a clear, manly policy on the part of their leaders, who have tried to dish the Socialists by squandering money on subsidies and widows' pensions.

It cannot be denied that the new five or six million voters will be young and without any political experience. As there is no demand for their enfranchisement, why admit them? It is a pure electoral gamble, like the Reform Act of 1918, and Lord Rothermere, who has some means of gauging public opinion, declares that the Prime Minister is making a handsome present to the Socialist party. All opinions on the point are guesses, but Mr. Baldwin is as confident about it as he was in 1923 about Protection. He appears to think the young women will vote for him because his programme and his Cabinet are more "interesting" than his opponents'. "You

will remember perhaps that our greatest leader, Disraeli, said that no party that failed to attract youth into its ranks could live. Those words are truer today in our democracy than in his. . . . We are the party today that is attracting the youth of the country." (*Times*, October 7.) There are two or three very great men, not more than one in a century, whose writings form an arsenal from which every controversialist steals weapons at will. Bacon was such in the seventeenth century, and Burke in the eighteenth and first half of the nineteenth century. Disraeli, so harassed and vilified in his life, has become since his death a treasury of quotations, many of which, like the imitations of a great artist, should be described as "after" the great man. All such quotations should be verified. Disraeli makes Vivian Grey admit that when he launches some daring paradox he disarms criticism by putting it into the mouth of Bolingbroke or Chatham. I want to know where Disraeli said that no party could live that failed to attract youth. Burke said: "Talents naturally gravitate to Jacobinism." Disraeli did say that "the youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity," and Sidonia gives a list of heroes, beginning with Alexander and ending with Bonaparte, who did great deeds before they were forty; but these were all men of action. Disraeli did form, in his and his century's forties, a group of young aristocrats whom he called the Young England party. But as soon as he got to grips with the realities of politics, he dropped Young England as "a dream." It may be that he said no party could live that failed to attract youth, but I should like to have the reference, and also to know the grounds for Mr. Baldwin's assertion that the Conservatives are the party that is attracting the youth of the country. Conservatism is a mood that is generally the fruit of meditation and experience, and that is my chief reason for objecting to the flapper vote. I hope Mr. Baldwin is right; but I cannot see that the present Government, either in its policy or its composition, is likely to attract the young. Anyway, if I were Premier, I should be afraid to gamble on it. Disraeli was always in love with some woman; in his latter years, as Schouvaloff said, "*toutes grand'mères*." But he had

no opinion of them as politicians. When a great lady asked him what his next great stroke was going to be, he gazed at her through his eyeglass and said: "You, darling!"

As another five or six million voters are to be added to the register before the next election, the restoration to the House of Lords of the powers of revision and delay, which Mr. Asquith sold to the Irish, becomes more than ever urgent. When, in July, the Government selected the Lord Chancellor to propose a scheme for reforming the personnel of the House of Lords and for transferring the Certification of Money Bill from the Speaker to a small committee, I urged the support of the scheme both in the *Times* and at a meeting of Conservative Members of Parliament. Since then the centre of urgency has been suddenly shifted from the personnel to the powers of the Second Chamber by the authoritative adoption, on the part of the Labour and Socialist parties, of a policy of frank plunder. Acting upon the advice of the minority of the Colwyn Committee on taxation, Labour and the Socialists have substituted for the capital levy the special surtax of 2s. in the £, as an average rate, on all incomes of £500 a year and over derived from investments in land or shares. On the assumption that it is good business to rob the saving classes to provide luxuries for the unsaving classes, this move is clever. A capital levy would take many years for valuation, would involve litigation between the State and its victims, would render most securities unsaleable and, in short, could only be worked with the good will of the levied. For a new surtax of 10 per cent. on income, all the machinery is ready, and the inland revenue officials stand like greyhounds straining at the leash. According to Section I of the Parliament Act, a Money Bill must be returned unamended by the House of Lords to the House of Commons within one month, or, if not, it will become law with the Royal assent but without the assent of the House of Lords. Such was the insolent clause which the Lords spiritual and temporal allowed themselves to be bullied into accepting by Mr. Asquith's threat of creating 500 peers. A Bill for imposing a new tax on incomes must come within the scope of

Section I, never mind in whose hands the duty of certifying Money Bills may lie. Therefore, in the event of a Socialist victory at the next election, it would only be necessary to pass a Bill through the House of Commons enacting the new surtax, and in six months this new collar of fiscal oppression would be fastened on our necks. I need not dwell on the disastrous effect of such legislation on the credit and commerce of the country. The question is, How can it be prevented? Beside this danger, the Cave scheme for improving the personnel of the House fades into insignificance. When the one thing needful—*porro unum necessarium*—is to make fast your doors and windows, does it matter by whose hands, hereditary or elective, the fastening is done?

In a cogent article in the current number of *The Edinburgh Review* by the editor, Mr. Harold Cox, occur these words: "The first essential step is the repeal of that Act" (the Parliament Act); "the second is to make such changes in the constitution of the House of Lords as will render impossible the restoration of the Act by some future combination of party politicians." I have just given my reasons why the composition of the House of Lords can wait. It is undoubtedly too big; but so is the House of Commons. Three-fourths of the peers stay away; but the public is probably unaware that half the Members of Parliament, who are elected and paid for the job, are habitually absent. With Mr. Cox's proposition that the repeal of the Parliament Act is the first essential step to the restoration of the balance of the Constitution and the security of the existing order of society, I am heartily in accord. There is no reason why this infamous Act, engendered in corruption and carried by an abuse of the prerogative—for how can a constitutional monarch agree to destroy the Constitution?—should remain to blot the Statute Book. But we must remember that since 1911 the franchise has been doubled by Lord Ullswater, and is about to be trebled by Mr. Baldwin. The more you expand the electorate, the more does the courage of Government contract. Does anybody imagine that the present Prime Minister will have the courage to propose the repeal of the Act, or that, if he did, his party would support him?

I suggest an amendment of Section I of the Act by substituting for the words "a Money Bill," the words "the Money Bill which makes financial provision for the service of the year." These words are taken from the motion carried by Mr. Asquith on December 2, 1904, two days after the rejection of the Budget by the Lords, which convinces me that the original intention was to confine the operation of Section I to the Budget: to extend it to all Money Bills was an afterthought, and a wicked one. Here is the full text of the resolution, notice of which was sent to King Edward: "That the action of the House of Lords in refusing to pass into law the financial provision made by the House for the service of the year is a breach of the Constitution and a usurpation of the rights of the Commons." I do think that every Government, however we may dislike it, is entitled to have its Budget carried within the session. But if Section I were confined to the Budget, the supplies of the year, other Money Bills providing funds by taxation for Socialistic policies, such as the nationalization of the coal industry and the banks, would pass into the same category as other legislation, which cannot be carried without the assent of the House of Lords until it has been passed by the House of Commons in three successive sessions. I recognize that the new surtax might be put into the Budget to replace reduced or abolished tea and sugar duties. But that would be class legislation too shamelessly unfair even for the present Socialist leaders. And it is impossible to prevent the abuse of legislative power if the wicked will is there. *Quid leges sine moribus?* All we can do is to make the abuse more difficult, and to expose its real character to the honesty and common-sense of the constituency.

The House of Lords and Money Bills

By Constance Campbell
(A Young Conservative Worker)

No doubt the fear of providing the Labour party with an election cry is responsible for extreme reluctance on the part of the more timid Conservatives to approach the crux of the question of Second Chamber reform—the powerlessness of the House of Lords to amend, delay, or reject Money Bills. Critics of the present position generally content themselves with demanding a closer definition of Money Bills lest "far-reaching constitutional changes" should be smuggled through Parliament under the skirts of the budget. They do not face the fact that the change most desired by those of revolutionary tendency, i.e. the destruction of capital, can be attained by measures which could quite fairly and correctly be certified as Money Bills. Is not the programme, of which the first instalment was outlined at the Blackpool Conference, a money programme? Its chief features are increased "social services" and a surtax of 2s. or 2s. 6d. in the £ on incomes above £500 from land and investments. The phrase "increased social services" means in this context that an increased proportion of the expenses of the wage-earner's family shall be borne by the taxpayer, and the taxpayer in the intention of the Labour party is to become more and more exclusively the capitalist. A Socialist Government, by successive increases in Income Tax and Death Duties and by the imposition of capital levies (a project by no means discarded, merely postponed), could destroy the right of inheritance, break down all reserves of capital in the country, and prevent the formation of new ones—changes so "far-reaching" that, though perfectly constitutional, they might end in pauperizing the people of this island.

Are we prepared to admit this right to a future Labour majority?

Many Conservatives incline regretfully and even despairingly to answer "Yes"—bound by what they regard as the axiom that the majority must rule; but this formula of majority rule is tending to become the disguise of a principle very alien to that which inspired it.

The jealously-guarded right of the Commons to hold

the purse-strings is founded on the sound principle that he who pays the piper shall also call the tune. No man, no section or interest in the State can be trusted with the spending of other people's money; it is a power which is sure to be abused. From its abuse in the past by kings and their ministers arose the demand after long struggle, admitted and established as a right, of the people to tax *themselves*, of the majority to decide what is necessary and must be paid for, and what, if there be no will to pay for it, must be forgone. A distortion—more than that, a contradiction—of this principle is embodied in the claim that a majority may use its power to exempt itself from taxation, that he who calls the tune shall be precisely he who does not pay the piper.

Have we gone too far along the way of unthinking acquiescence to resist this startling claim?

The Conservative party itself, by a reckless extension of the franchise, has helped to destroy our breakwaters; taxation and representation no longer have any close relationship. Parliament acts as a filter to strain the crude will of the electorate before it is allowed to buffet the delicate economic structure of the State; but at present it is a broken filter through which much rough and dangerous experimental matter is liable to escape. The only effective way which remains to secure some balance between the spending and paying sections of the public is to restore to the Upper House, amended or not, power over Money Bills.

It will be unpopular in the constituencies, says the timid M.P.

Is it not possible that a Conservative Government will work better for the security of the country by mending this great hole in the Constitution, even if it should be at the cost of office, than by following the line of least resistance, and so, perhaps, gaining another lease of life for a few years?

Some time within the next fifteen years a Socialist Government will be returned to power—inevitable reaction alone makes that almost certain, without reckoning the blinding effect of bribes on the electorate. If we allow matters to drift now, it may be too late to repair the results of even five years of Single Chamber rule, directed by an irresponsible majority of non-taxpayers.

Moscow and the Middle East

By Nazir

RECENT events have made it perfectly plain that the Third International is primarily engaged in endeavours to terminate the existence of the British Empire under its present form of government. Although revolutionary *coups* have been attempted in the smaller European states with which we are not directly concerned and their colonies, they would not, it is evident, if successful, have been regarded as decisive victories in the campaign for the destruction of capitalistic and individualistic civilization. The conspirators who dispatched Lenin and Trotsky to Russia have not neglected the United States, but their greatest achievement there has been in the quarter where they can best operate against British interests—that is to say, in New York's money market. The selection of Britain as the next objective of Bolshevism is ascribed to our supposed independent stolidity of character and to the fact that our comparative isolation from continental politics tends to subject the balance of power to our control. It is probable, however, that our vulnerability, equally, is responsible for this unenviable distinction. There is no great Power whose economic existence depends, as ours, upon foreign trade and the tranquillity of world-wide possessions; and there is no nation vitally interested, as we are, in the future of those states bordering on the territories of the Moscow Soviet, where the latter has found the most fertile ground for the dissemination of unrest.

The Moscow Soviet, as distinct from its creators, has two lines of attack against Great Britain: unremitting efforts to provoke industrial disputes, and to reduce the authority of the Government, in the British Isles; and ceaseless endeavours to produce a situation abroad which would necessitate our military intervention, if possible without the support of Allied Powers. It may be observed that there has been close co-ordination between the two movements. Had the Soviet succeeded in its intrigues

at Angora regarding the Iraq frontier dispute, for which it was largely responsible, the British Government would have been involved in hostilities with Turkey at the time of the general strike, whilst Moscow would have achieved, simultaneously, its long-desired opportunity for prosecuting its designs in Persia without any risk of Turkish intervention. When the Turks failed to fall in line, the Bolsheviks redoubled their activities in China. In reviewing our relations with the Soviet Government, therefore, it is necessary to consider developments in Asia, remembering the words of the leading Bolshevik who recently declared that "England's back will be broken, not on the banks of the Thames, but on the Yang-tsze Kiang, the Ganges, and the Nile."

Communism is opposed in principle to nationalism, which, in Western Europe, mitigates against the success of subversive propaganda. The Bolsheviks have ruthlessly suppressed any expressions of racial feeling in the Ukraine and in Georgia, where they weaken the despotism of Moscow. But they have fostered and exploited the same symptoms, real or fictitious, within or outside the Soviet Union, wherever they can be turned to our disadvantage.

It is not only in China that there is evidence of these activities. They may be clearly discerned in south-western Asia, where the trend of events in Afghanistan and Persia provides an example of the manner in which Moscow's foreign policy is directed against our interests. Those countries do not possess frontiers which coincide with ethnological divisions, and both include within their borders considerable homogeneous areas whose inhabitants belong to races found in greater numbers in the territories of the Soviet Union. The Uzbegs are the subjects both of Moscow and of Kabul; the Turkomans inhabit Russia, northern Afghanistan, and a district in north-eastern Persia to the east of the Caspian Sea; and in north-western Persia the population consists chiefly of members of the Turkish (Tatar) race, who also predominate in the adjacent districts to the north of the frontier. Before the advent of Bolshevist rule, "national-consciousness" did not exist amongst these peoples. But a remarkable change has now taken place. The

Moscow Soviet has transformed the area near the Persian frontier inhabited by Turks into the Azerbaijan Soviet Socialist Republic (capital: Baku); and to the east of the Caspian, there have been created the Independent Soviet Socialist Republics of Turkmanistan (capital: Polterask, formerly known as Ashkabad), and Uzbegistan (capital: Samarkand), the last including, as a subdivision, the Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic of Tajikistan (capital: Diushambe). In these republics self-government is exercised only in theory, the central executive of the Soviet Union retaining, in every case, the firmest control. Their existence, however, has made it possible for Moscow to repudiate all responsibility for certain acts which have resulted in protests from foreign powers. The most able orientalists in Russia have been employed to reduce the different dialects spoken in these republics to written languages. Text-books have been prepared and instruction imparted; and each republic, equipped with its own journals, literature, and educational establishments, is now, to all outward appearances, a fully developed State awaiting only the day when it will embrace within its borders its compatriots at present "groaning" under the rule of the Duraini and Persian Governments, "the tools of capitalistic England." Moscow has not yet taken the necessary steps to carry this policy to its natural conclusion; but its encouragement of nationalism in these regions, in marked contrast to its attitude towards racial aspirations in the interior of Russia, has unmistakable significance and, moreover, has produced a noticeable increase in the Soviet's influence at Kabul.

A Bolshevist invasion of Afghanistan would be confronted by many difficulties; but there are no effective barriers to the infiltration of propaganda, especially as the trade of northern Afghanistan is chiefly with Russia. Nevertheless, much energy and money have been expended recently in improving railway communications with the Afghan frontier, at Kushk and Termez, to enable the Soviets of Polterask, Samarkand, and Diushambe to assist, if necessary, in the "liberation of their enslaved and exploited brethren." This development, which is of little commercial value, has been undertaken at a time

when transport difficulties form one of the most serious problems in Russia.

The Afghan army is not, at present, a negligible factor, but it is improbable that its discipline would survive any serious reverse. The Air Force, which is officered and equipped by Russians, is a source of danger, rather than strength, to the Afghan ruler. Should he lose control over his Turkoman, Uzbeg, and Tajik subjects, the rule of the King of Afghanistan would not extend beyond the passes of the Hindu Kush range, less than fifty miles from his capital. In these circumstances, unless he received assistance from outside his kingdom, there would follow, almost inevitably, the disintegration of the regions inhabited by Ghilzais, Pathans, Baluchis, Hazaras, and other races which constitute the remainder of the country known, geographically, as Afghanistan. The political vacuum thus created could hardly fail to draw Great Britain and the Soviets into direct conflict.

The position of Persia is not altogether similar. Nationalist propaganda has made but little headway amongst the Turks of the north-western provinces, who have always displayed a marked antipathy to Russians, Tsarist and Bolshevist alike. Further, after dismemberment of its Turkish and Turkoman areas, the Persian Government would still retain the southern Caspian littoral and the central and southern provinces, whose inhabitants are essentially Persian in character, if not by race. But this advantage is counterbalanced by economic and strategic factors. The most fertile and thickly populated districts are those, adjacent to the Caspian Sea and the Russian frontiers, where the inhabitants can find only in Russia a market for their surplus products which form the bulk of Persia's exports. This enables the Moscow Soviet to exercise *force majeure*, at will, by closing the frontiers to trade, or by imposing a tariff barrier. Strategically, also, Persia is at a great disadvantage. Her richest districts and the capital are within easy reach of Russian naval and military bases; the Russians have constructed a railway to Tabriz and a road to Meshed, the chief towns in north-western and north-eastern Persia, which are far removed from Teheran; and, on the Persian shores of the Caspian Sea, there are a

number of fishing stations, also of Russian construction, which provide good landing facilities and give easy access to dominating positions in the interior. Moreover, the Bolsheviks are able to sever the lateral communications between the central and eastern provinces at short notice by occupying Shahrud, where the Teheran-Meshed road passes between the great central desert and the Elburz mountains.

Reza Shah Pahlavi has effected remarkable improvements in the organization and moral of the Persian forces—at a price—but there are no grounds for supposing that the army would be able to maintain any prolonged resistance to an invasion from the north. Its administrative and transport services fall far short of the standard required for modern warfare; its supplies of war *matériel* are precarious, at the best; and there are no reserves of trained combatants and other personnel on which to draw for replacement of the wastage which must inevitably accompany any active operations. On the other hand, the quasi-military regime which has been in power since 1921 has incurred considerable odium amongst important classes of Persian leaders, notably the chiefs of the armed tribes, whose virtual autonomy it has abolished, and the landed aristocracy and official classes, who formerly held a vested right to administrative appointments, but are now supplanted by military officers. The army, therefore, does not command the wholehearted support of the Persian nation.

The relations between Moscow and Teheran have been affected chiefly by the controversy regarding the status of the Caspian fishing stations, already referred to, which were formerly operated by a Russian (Tsarist) subject who held a concession from the Persian Government. After the withdrawal of British troops from Persia, the Moscow Soviet laid claim to these fisheries, with the intention of transforming them into a State trading concern. The Persian Government, however, refused to accede to this demand, first, because there were no justifiable grounds for cancelling the original concession, and, secondly, because the establishment of several thousands of the Soviet's employees in places of such importance on Persian soil would jeopardize the security

of the State. When the Persian Parliament, in February 1926, definitely rejected the claim, the Soviet replied by closing the Russian frontiers to all imports from Persia, except raw cotton. This restriction had the effect of reducing to poverty the somewhat inflammable inhabitants of the northern provinces, amongst whom Bolshevik agents exerted every effort to create open disaffection. The authorities at Teheran were placed, therefore, in an unhappy dilemma. The discontented elements in the north could be placated only by the reopening of trade with Russia, while this trade could be restored only by surrender to the Soviet's demand regarding the fisheries, with all its implications. In the Soviet-Persian Agreement, ratified by Persia on October 20, the former has gained every important point at issue, and the fisheries will now come under the virtual control of Russia. The effects must be far-reaching, and it is probable that before many months have gone the political initiative in Persia will have passed entirely into the hands of Moscow. The Soviet's policy, however, is not governed by Persia's ability to defend her frontiers, but rather by the attitude of Great Britain and Turkey and the desire to gain control of the country in the guise, if possible, of a liberator of "down-trodden" peoples, in the manner that has been practised in China and is intended in Afghanistan.

It is incorrect to believe that the future of Afghanistan and Persia is not our concern. The collapse of the former without our intervention would lead to chaos on the north-western frontier of India, with widespread repercussions in the interior of that country, which is our most important market. Bolshevist domination in Persia would imperil the supply of oil, upon which our Navy depends, and destroy the equilibrium in Iraq, Arabia, and Palestine, and, ultimately, in Egypt. But the menace is not one we are unable to meet. It is clearly to our interest that Persia and Afghanistan should remain, as at present, fully independent Powers. A definite declaration of the action which the British Government would take, in the event of any unwarrantable infringement of their sovereign rights, would do more than anything else to check the Soviet's intrigues and restore to us, in some

measure, the initiative which we have allowed to slip through our fingers. By demonstrating that our attitude is purely defensive, it would dispose of the fiction that "Sir Chamberlain" is feverishly preparing for an unprovoked attack on the Soviet Union.

It should be remembered, also, that, from the River Jordan to the Bay of Bengal, we are the natural allies of the martial classes, tribal leaders, landowners, and ruling chiefs—indeed, of all those who profit by the genuine prosperity of the countries in which they live. As a last resort, we can mobilize these to assist in the defence of our interests, which are identical with their own. But, to do so, it is essential that we should be able to give tangible evidence of our material support. The vacillation, will to arbitrate, League of Nations spirit, and weak incompetence responsible for incalculable misery and loss of life in China cannot fail to produce disaster, utter and complete, amongst the more virile peoples of the Middle East. Where definite support is absent, our friends in that region can have no alternative to seeking terms with our enemies and emerging, willingly or unwillingly, as their active protagonists.

The fact that we can avert the greatest dangers to the peace of Asia, and of the whole world, by following a strong line of action, has not escaped the attention of the Moscow Soviet, whose accepted foreign programme now includes the following:

> To conduct a peace policy to form the centre of the whole foreign policy of the Soviet Government and to be at the basis of all its international actions.
>
> To take all measures to consolidate the defensive [*sic*] forces of the country and to strengthen the Red Army, Navy, and Air Fleet.

Peace propaganda, therefore, as much as communistic agitation, is a weapon in the Soviet's armoury—perhaps the more formidable through its deadly insidiousness. In its "peace programme," as in so many other directions, Moscow has been able to "make others pay for and carry out the Soviet's policy," according to plan. The propaganda has been preached to such purpose that the pacifist movement in Great Britain now includes in its ranks, and is financed by, members of every class and political creed. "No more war" and disarmament are

advocated, and the Soviet is condoned, by the apparently uncorrupt, non-party League of Nations Union as well as by the peace societies which are frankly socialistic. These pacifists are as great a danger to the State as the revolutionaries. They do not merely embarrass the Government in time of war. They have already made it almost impossible for our statesmen to pursue the only policy by which peace can be secured.

Most remarkable of all the achievements of the Third International in this respect is the manner in which its ostensible peace propaganda has ensnared our clergy of all denominations—not only those of the Bolshevist, Catholic Crusader variety, but, equally, numbers of those whose education and knowledge of the world should have placed them on their guard. Although they profess to uphold the immutable truth that peace and goodwill cannot result from man-made laws, these so-called religious leaders now aver, with complete inconsequence, that the human race can be forced, or tricked, into altruism by purely materialistic means which, as such, have already proved their uselessness. Is it not probable that, by thus forsaking the substance for the shadow, as by their frequent and equally illogical support of Socialism, they have done more than any avowed atheists to bring religion into discredit? However this may be, they provide evidence of the success with which the Communists of Moscow carry out their dictum: "Where we cannot convince, we will confuse."

The Failure of Compulsory Arbitration in Australia

By G. A. W. Gisborne

WITH the possible exception of Russia, no country in the world at the present time enjoys so elaborate a system of State wage-regulation and judicial control of industries as Australia. Nearly ten out of every hundred persons in the Commonwealth now have their salaries, or wages, prescribed for them by arbitration courts, wages boards or other such tribunals designed for the dual purpose of maintaining the Australian workers' vaunted standard of living and of preventing, or settling, industrial disputes. Their success in achieving this latter object may distinctly be questioned. Statistics might be quoted showing an appalling loss in time and wages, as well as diminished wealth production, resulting from the incessant industrial disturbances which have occurred in the Commonwealth during the last twenty-five years, and in four out of the six States serious strikes are now hampering industry.* The fact that, in spite of the recent duplication of the judicial personnel of the Federal Arbitration Court, there are at the present time on the "waiting list" of the latter tribunal alone over 150 claimants, all impatiently clamouring for attention to their rather questionable grievances,

* The official figures published in the Commonwealth Statistician's Summary of Statistics last March show that during the period 1922–26 inclusive, 2,082 industrial disputes occurred in the Commonwealth, involving a total loss of £5,358,069 in wages alone. At the present time, exclusive of minor disturbances of the kind, there are widespread strikes in the engineering industry in three of the southern States, the men's union refusing to accept certain terms legalizing piece-work contained in a recent award of the Federal Arbitration Court; and another in Northern Queensland, where the Australian Workers' Union, in defiance of an award of the State Arbitration Court, is striving to coerce the sugar-planters into dismissing all free workers and employing only unionists. One of the many evils of the so-called "compulsory" arbitration system is that it is compulsory only so far as employers are concerned. The men may refuse to accept any award without incurring the smallest penalty, beyond, in extreme cases, the de-registration of their union.

shows in itself that the labours of the official peace-makers have so far proved little more profitable than those of Sisyphus. For this result the judges themselves are not to blame. They have been made the victims of the politicians, and called on to perform the impossible task of administering with success a system of artificial wage-fixing which is based on fundamental economic, political, and moral misconceptions.

The industrial position in Australia today is one of chaotic confusion. In two States there are wages boards in operation; two others have their own arbitration courts; New South Wales has an Industrial Commission armed with extensive powers; and South Australia has a somewhat similar institution. All these tribunals are constantly engaged in arranging and re-arranging relations between employers and employees with a view to maintaining industrial peace. Awards of various kinds and of a more or less conflicting nature pour forth in a continuous stream, the volume of which is appreciably augmented by the more comprehensive edicts of the Federal Arbitration Court. In many industries State and Federal awards overlap, and where this occurs, the employees are privileged to choose the award which seems most favourable to their interests. This arrangement, justly though rather too moderately described by the first president of the Arbitration Court as "very unfair," does not conduce to industrial harmony, for it enables the workers to make repeated applications to the tribunal whose award they have rejected for better conditions, knowing that, whatever may be the result, their position cannot be altered for the worse. As an example of the extent of the overlapping evil it may be mentioned that one Australian company has now to carry on its operations subject to the terms contained in over 120 distinct awards, both State and Federal, affecting different classes of its employees. And as the leaders of the latter are continually applying for variations of those awards, whose periods of operation vary from one to three years, the officers of the company referred to, and, indeed, all large employers, find it very difficult to avoid the accidental infringement of some of the multitude of obligations legally imposed on them.

COMPULSORY ARBITRATION IN AUSTRALIA

The Federal Arbitration Court is by far the most important tribunal of its kind in the Commonwealth; so its activities only will be dealt with in the following remarks. Although by the Constitution the jurisdiction of the Court is limited to disputes extending beyond the limits of a single State, owing to the fact that all the great primary and secondary industries in Australia, as well as those connected with the transport and distribution of commodities, are carried on in all the States, and the members of a single union are frequently dispersed over a large part of Australia, it practically dominates the industrial life of the continent. All the vital industries—agricultural, mining, pastoral, shipping, etc., are under Federal jurisdiction, and by virtue of a recent extraordinary judgment of the High Court, even State employees engaged on the railways and other public utilities are also subject to it. In theory, therefore, the Federal Arbitration Court possesses powers almost equivalent to those of an industrial dictatorship.

Access to the Court is easy. All that is necessary is that a Federal official known as the Industrial Registrar should certify that a dispute exists in a certain industry, and the claimants, almost invariably the officials of a union, are then permitted to file a plaint setting forth their demands and alleged grievances, and take their place at the end of the long train of suitors awaiting the Court's attention. A dispute is easily arranged whenever a combative group of union officials think the time opportune for sending round the fiery cross. Roughly, a comedy is performed which embraces four acts. The first consists of the preparation by the leading performers of a document, or, as it is technically termed, "log," consisting of a long list of extravagant demands in the way of increased wages, reduced hours of work and abundant opportunities for recreation.* A mass meeting,

* One or two illustrations of the nature of the demands contained in these extraordinary productions may be given. A log presented to an industrial tribunal in Adelaide a few years ago, on behalf of a number of female shop assistants there, contained requests for special allowances to cover the costs of hair-bobbing and for the purchase of confectionery. Another time, on behalf of employees engaged in the fruit-growing industry, it was asked, *inter alia*, that children between the age of 12 and 14 should be paid not less than £4 5s. 0d. per week, and £6 over the age of 14. The Union of Furniture-makers demanded a minimum weekly wage of £8, and

[*Continued on page* 528.

usually packed with militant members of the union concerned, to whom is submitted the "log" for ratification—a mere legal formality—constitutes the second. The third, a more tedious and, for the union, expensive business, includes the distribution among all the employers engaged in the industry attacked of copies of the "log," followed by the early receipt of polite replies notifying regretful refusal. (Inasmuch as, in some cases, as many as 11,000 separate sets of papers have had to be distributed in the course of arranging one particular dispute, this part of the performance is distinctly beneficial to the Postal Department.) Finally, after a long period of waiting, the last act is performed on the stage of the Federal Arbitration Court, to which the leading actors, or their representatives, are summoned, and where, in due time, a decision is given which usually satisfies neither party and only encourages the assailants to renew the attack on the first opportunity.

This is not mere burlesque. It is actual fact. That the system of compulsory arbitration has made the manufacture of artificial disputes almost a national industry in Australia was practically admitted by the Prime Minister himself in his speech introducing the referenda proposals last year. The fact that the mere refusal of a body of employers to accept the most fantastic demands, drawn up by a handful of agitators more or less affected by the Russian plague, constitutes a legal dispute supplies the chief reason why the chief industrial court in the Commonwealth is so incessantly bombarded with plaints from all quarters. There is no finality either; for, when an award has been in force for only one year, a union may apply for its revision (in the wage-earners' favour) on the ground of "changed conditions." The Communist conspirators who, though comparatively

also asked that no member of the union should be required to lift any article exceeding 25 lb. weight. Waterside workers at various seaports have on several occasions demanded payment at rates varying from 3s. to 10s. per hour. How zealously these toilers performed their duty may be judged from the fact that the figures supplied by the shipping companies last year showed that the cost of transferring over a million bushel cases of apples from the wharves at Hobart to the steamers' holds averaged just 4½d. per case, or more than double that of packing the fruit. The "go-slow" art is practised to perfection at many Australian seaports, especially in the north.

insignificant in regard to numbers, have succeeded by furtive means in securing control over some of the most important unions, find the facilities for causing discord between employers and employees provided by the compulsory arbitration system most useful to them in waging an incessant guerilla war against the hated capitalist. It is not too much to say that the system just referred to constitutes, in itself, a grave political danger to the Commonwealth. By recognizing without any real justification the mischievous extremists who often hold leading positions in a union as the *bona fide* exponents of the wishes of the majority of its members, the Arbitration Court strengthens the authority of the very men who desire to kindle class war, destroy industries, and ultimately to bring about revolutionary changes in the whole social system.

A glance may be taken at the economic result of compulsory arbitration. These are so far-reaching that a volume would be needed to deal with them fully. As is well known, the Federal Arbitration Court's decisions are mainly guided by what is called, somewhat incorrectly, the doctrine of the "living wage." This lays down that each worker belonging to a union subject to the Court's jurisdiction (independent workers are outlawed, so far as the industrial tribunals are concerned), whether married or single, efficient or inefficient, industrious or idle, shall receive a wage sufficient in the opinion of the presiding judge to maintain a man, his wife, and three children below the age of fourteen. The employer thus has to pay for the support of five persons in return for the services of one, for the "living wage" doctrine rests wholly on a humanitarian basis and is quite superior to economics. Its application has led to some strange anomalies. In a speech on the Child Endowment question addressed to the State Premiers in Melbourne on June 20 last, Mr. Bruce emphasized the singular fact that, while Australian industry is paying for the maintenance of 3,000,000 children, the number of the latter under the age of fourteen dependent on wage-earners is approximately 1,125,000. Employers, therefore, are now providing for the wants of about 1,875,000 unborn children as well; it might be added as many thousands of phantom wives.

It will be seen that they have to bear an undue share of family responsibilities.

Insecurity necessarily attends a system of fixing wages on the sole basis of costs of living, which vary greatly at different times and in different places. These variations call for continuous readjustments and give rise to many misunderstandings between employers and employees. They also encourage incessant appeals to the industrial tribunals. Each concession, too, provokes further demands. For instance, an increase of wages granted to seamen, waterside workers, or carters, at once raises the cost of transport, and these are passed on to the public in the form of higher prices for commodities. Workers engaged in other occupations, finding themselves adversely affected by the favours bestowed on their comrades, rush to the industrial courts demanding more pay. To their astonishment, however, they find later that the increases obligingly granted have only had the effect of further augmenting the costs of living; so fresh applications follow in continual succession. Compulsory arbitration in Australia has at least achieved one thing worthy of note. In the industrial sphere it has completely solved the problem of eternal motion.

To protect employers engaged in the secondary industries against the rapacity of the trade unions the Federal Parliament has imposed exceedingly high duties on a large number of manufactured commodities. These, by increasing the costs of living, hamper production; though, when conditions become intolerable, the manufacturer, by application to the Tariff Board, can usually obtain temporary relief—at the expense of the public—in the form of increased protection. The last annual report of the Tariff Board, published in August 1926, contained some sound remarks concerning the economic effects of increasing duties in proportion to wage increases. After quoting figures showing that at the time the report was prepared the average wage per man for a working week of from fifty-four to sixty hours was 32s. 6d. in Germany, in Belgium 23s. 6d. for forty-eight hours, in France 34s. 6d. for forty-eight hours, and in Great Britain 60s. for the same period, while the Australian worker was paid 108s. 6d. for a forty-eight-hour week, since reduced

in the engineering industry to forty-four, the members of the Board uttered this impressive warning: "From considerations such as the foregoing the Tariff Board is strongly of opinion that the industrial unions of the Commonwealth should be induced to realize the critical position into which the Commonwealth is drifting, and the absolute necessity for preventing the wages gap from becoming still wider between the United Kingdom, the continent of Europe and the Commonwealth; otherwise the Tariff Board, placed as it is in the position to take a comprehensive and intimate view of all Australian industry, can see nothing but economic disaster ahead, and that at no very distant date."

The comments of the Board, a strongly Protectionist body, were confined to the position and prospects of the secondary industries. The truth of its general conclusion that reliance on the tariff to prop up those industries when their stability was threatened by awards of the industrial tribunals must in the end, by continually raising the costs of living, "bring about an industrial paralysis," is undeniable. But the results of the policy so strongly condemned, as affecting the primary industries, which, instead of being assisted, are, in the great majority of cases, severely penalized by the tariff, are necessarily even more disastrous. High import duties on agricultural, mining and pastoral requirements, as well as generally augmented costs of living, react heavily to the disadvantage of those producers who entirely maintain Australia's export trade and pay the interest on her external debt. The inflated wages paid by the indirectly subsidized urban manufacturers also attract rural workers to the cities. While thus, on the one hand, the evil of urbanization, particularly unjustified in so sparsely peopled a country as Australia, is intensified, rural settlement is severely discouraged. Only the comparatively small number of producers engaged in the cultivation of the sugar-cane, maize and bananas derive any benefit from the tariff. It is a very bad sign, however, that certain country industries which formerly flourished without any State assistance are now in so precarious a condition that loud demands are being made for the imposition of heavy duties on imported

butter, cheese, bacon, potatoes, and other agricultural products. The true remedy for the wrongs now suffered by the rural producers in Australia, as the more enlightened members of the Parliamentary Country Party there perceive, lies, not in the extension of the protective policy to the rural industries (duties on imported wool and wheat would scarcely restore the latter to prosperity), but in drastic changes both in the tariff and the industrial laws which have made the latter necessary. Under present vicious conditions country dwellers in Australia are being compelled, indirectly, to subsidize city manufacturers and enable them to pay wages at uneconomic rates. Rural Peter is mercilessly robbed to pay urban Paul—for his vote. The baneful political predominance of the Australian cities over the country districts has not only destroyed the economic equipoise but has provoked most bitter feelings in the minds of those who have suffered through the class legislation arising from it.

A few figures may be given to show the injurious effects on rural settlement and production of the legislation just referred to. During the debate on the Industry and Commerce Bill in June last year, Mr. Abbott, a leading representative of country interests in the Federal Parliament, stated that the last shearing award made by the Arbitration Court had added £100,000 yearly to the sheep-owners' burdens. (The insatiable union concerned is now asking for yet more, the new demands including one for payment at the rate of £3 per 100 sheep shorn, with a guaranteed minimum wage of £9 per week for shearers and £15 per week for woolclassers.) Mr. Abbott also emphasized the sinister fact that between 1920 and 1925 the unoccupied land in Australia increased from 566,000,000 to 612,000,000 acres, and after referring to the " vicious circle of continually increasing tariffs and wages," declared with truth that " the only man not on the roundabout was the primary producer." Figures quoted in the late report of the Royal Commission on Industrial Insurance are sadly illuminating. They show that, while in 1912–13 452,108 persons were engaged in the Australian primary industries, in 1923–24 there were only 458,420 so

employed.* Mr. Yarwood, the chairman of the directors of the Permanent Trustees Company in Sydney, has just called attention to the fact that, whereas during the period 1910–24 the population of New South Wales increased by about 750,000, the number of men and boys employed in the rural industries there within the same space of time decreased by 3,469. Owing mainly to the operation of the industrial laws, the once flourishing gold-mining industry of Australia is now moribund; there is only one mine in the Commonwealth producing copper, and that at a loss; while English coal has lately been imported to Adelaide at a price below that for which it could be obtained from Newcastle in New South Wales. Incessant labour troubles have destroyed the foreign export coal trade of the latter State. That conditions in regard to Australian primary production are improving is scarcely suggested by the fact that last year's exports (1925–26) showed a decline of over £13,000,000 in comparison with those for the previous year. The development of the Commonwealth's immense natural resources must continue to be retarded so long as the present pernicious policy of class favouritism is persisted in, and the real workers of Australia, the primary producers, are denied common fair-play.

Of the moral effects of the compulsory arbitration system in the Commonwealth much might be said, and abundance of evidence could be adduced in support of the general conclusion that those effects have been unmitigatedly evil. Among them may be mentioned the growth of ill-feeling between the two great classes engaged in industry which, though natural friends and partners, are treated by the law as irreconcilable enemies. By completely disregarding the elementary fact that a high standard of living demands the maintenance of an equally high standard of efficiency, and by awarding on

* According to the latest official Statistics there were 16,793,578 acres of land under crops in 1925–26, compared with 17,278,191 acres in the previous year. The production of wheat, oats and hay during the last twelve months was far below what it was in the year 1920–21, while only in the State-subsidized cane-growing industry was there any appreciable progress. In Victoria the Government Statistician has just revealed the fact that the area of land under cultivation in the State has decreased by 1,000,000 acres within the last ten years.

the same liberal scale remuneration to all members of a union without making any distinction between the deserving and the undeserving, the industrial tribunals have discouraged ambition and a wholesome spirit of emulation among the workers, sharpened their cupidity, fostered extravagant habits of living, and weakened the will to work. Since the unions refuse to accept any system of payment by results, "go-slow" practices have become prevalent everywhere. Legal discrimination between organized and independent workers to the disadvantage of the latter has produced a dangerous cleavage in the ranks of labour itself, and it is not a wholesome thing to hear now all over Australia the term "free worker" used by the servile instruments of bands of unscrupulous mischief-makers as one of bitter reproach. The man of independent character, who merely claims the right to dispose of his services by voluntary contract, is now systematically and vindictively persecuted by those who control the great labour monopolies created by the industrial laws, and Australian Governments deny him ordinary protection. The restoration of freedom to industry is as necessary to the moral regeneration of Australia as to its material welfare.

"Bad laws," said Burke at Bristol in 1780, "are the worst sort of tyranny." Bad industrial laws in Australia have led to the intolerable tyranny of trade unionism there. When Labour touched politics it became defiled. Political humanitarianism is more often inspired by expediency than genuine philanthropy, and this has certainly been the case in the Commonwealth. The average demagogue values the votes of the workers far more than their real interests, and votes can be purchased by the easy method of robbing the industrious for the benefit of the idle. The moral effects of predatory legislation of this kind are not wholesome. Masses of working men, like children, can be spoiled by over-indulgence; and the bestowal of unearned benefits on certain classes of citizens at the expense of others always tends to weaken in the public mind that confidence in the justice of the Government which is essential to order and tranquillity. That the present orgy of experimental legislation, chiefly of an industrial kind, can long continue

in the Commonwealth is not to be expected. The Australian worker, like his American comrade, will learn in due season, though at some cost, that the good things of life must be gained, not by the misuse of his vote, but by the use of his abilities. He will learn, also, that industrial freedom cannot be surrendered without endangering political freedom, and that, for him, the ultimate result of a policy of State regulation of industries would be the loss of all opportunities of self-advancement. The triumph of Communism would mean for the wage-earner only wage slavery. Happily there is no danger of such a catastrophe occurring in Australia. Already there are signs of a coming change for the better in the attitude of labour towards capital; but whether the Australian trade unions will ultimately be disciplined and regenerated by means such as those which have achieved such beneficent results in Italy, or the evil tyranny to which they are now subjected will be broken by a successful revolt in the ranks of organized labour itself, can only be conjectured. But it may emphatically be said that, were the poison-fang of compulsion removed from all legislation intended for the promotion of industrial concord and methods of conciliation alone relied on, the chief weapon now employed by the agents of Moscow in Australia for the destruction of capitalism would be effectively broken. Judges of arbitration courts armed with mandatory powers can never, in spite of the best intentions, successfully fulfil the functions of peacemakers. Rather they are too often the unwilling instruments of discord. Australian experience has conclusively shown that compulsory settlements of industrial disputes not only lead to disastrous economic and political results, but they forbid the growth of that spirit of goodwill and friendly co-operation between employers and employees which is essential to lasting industrial peace.

Lines Written, on Reflection, at Geneva

By J. O. P. Bland

I HAD not visited Geneva since the summer of 1918, what time the Germans were preparing for their last desperate assault and the American vanguard had put new heart into the Allies' battle line. The city was then a very notable resort of secret service agents, spies and amateur peace-talkers from all parts of the world; its atmosphere was, indeed, so heavily charged with stratagems and intrigue that every man eyed his neighbour with distrust, while the Swiss Government kept close watch over the strangers within their gates, to prevent any breach of their benevolent neutrality. The life of a hotel-keeper in those days was no bed of roses, but he managed, nevertheless, to make a tidy income out of the world at war; at the same time, he did his best to implant in the minds of all his guests, lawgivers *in posse*, the fruitful idea of Geneva as the future headquarters and spiritual home of international legislation and the brotherhood of man. How fruitful that idea has become, since the League of Nations made its pleasant habitation on the shores of Lake Leman, anyone can judge for himself from the number of palatial hotels on the water-front, the *hauteur* of their managers and their soaring tariffs. Its fruitfulness is reflected also in the general thriving appearance of the city, with its well-kept streets and markets, trim gardens and attractive shops. In the League of Nations the thrifty Genevese have found a goose that lays golden eggs far larger than any produced by the best advertised tourism or winter sports; therefore they have taken that prolific bird to their bosom and nourish it with unremitting care. Any criticism of the activities or inactivities of the League is *tabu* in Calvin's city.

On the day before my arrival there had been rioting

of alien Communists and breaking of plate-glass windows in Geneva, to the surprise and disgust of its citizens, who pride themselves that they need no force of police for the maintenance of law and order. *Gendarmes* are certainly few and far between, and those that one discovers in the neighbourhood of the Hôtel de Ville appear to be far too picturesque and portly to indulge in any active pursuit of malefactors. No doubt the City fathers are right on the whole, for a country whose able-bodied citizens are all soldiers, and instinctively law-abiding, provides no healthy stamping-ground for social revolutionaries of the destructive type. But the activity of the Communists on this occasion, part of the world-wide agitation on behalf of Sacco and Vanzetti, served to remind them that nowadays no part of the body politic of civilization is safe from the poisonous infection of Bolshevism.

As I sat in that Salle des Pas Perdus—the spacious vestibule of the Palais des Nations—and watched the coming and going of bobbed typists, earnest American visitors, and important Persons with Portfolios, I heard much argument about those broken windows and the innocence or guilt of the condemned Communists. As was to be expected, the opinion was generally prevalent that they should have been reprieved. At that, I fell to comparing the stern realities underlying this Communist demonstration with the unrealities of the League's benevolent activities. Had it ever occurred, I wondered, to any of Geneva's polyglot theorists, treading their primrose path to Utopia, that there must be something fundamentally wrong in the state of mind which thinks fit to interfere with the government of a civilized State with regard to the execution of two legally sentenced law-breakers, but which has never found cause for intervention or protest in the cold-blooded and ruthless slaughter of thousands of innocent men and women, the wholesale butchery of the *bourgeoisie*, continually perpetuated by the Soviet tyrants?

From these melancholy reflections on the parlous state of a world made free for democracy, my thoughts went back to a sermon* preached by Prebendary Gough

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at the Guards' Chapel in Wellington Barracks on St. George's Day this year, wherein he denounced the prevalent influence of the Feminine Man in everyday life. For the Palais des Nations at Geneva is the spiritual home of the Feminine Man—stout feminine men, with bulging portfolios, who, after lunch, maintain that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds—and thin feminine men, their high brows "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," whose sympathies are all on the side of the "down and out," no matter how inefficient or vicious. And I reflected that, as far as we English are concerned, the worthy Prebendary is right. It will need a revival of the spirit of St. George to combat the evils which the Feminine Man is bringing upon humanity, to cure us of the sentimental flabbiness which prevents us from grappling boldly with things which we know to be evil.

The high places of the League were full of bustling and buzzing, for next week the General Assembly would meet, and already the delegates of thirty-one States were forgathering. Also, there were international Conferences in session, one on Communications and Transit, and one on World Population. Geneva was simply bristling with portfolios; hotel accommodation was becoming more precious than rubies. The result of these Conferences, both of which closed before the meeting of the General Assembly, was in each case peculiarly suggestive of the inability or unwillingness of Geneva gatherings to face the realities of the problems with which they are dealing, or to disentangle their definite issues from the mass of technicalities and side-issues in which they speedily become involved. Both ended without achieving any practical result, unless one reckons as such the foregone conclusion to meet again at some future date and, in the meanwhile, to create permanent Commissions to study the questions at their dignified leisure. Particularly significant of the hypnotic effect of the Geneva atmosphere was the manner in which the World Population Conference (an assembly convened by private American initiative) was led to conform to the mentality and methods prevalent in the innermost places of the Permanent Secretariat. After a number of papers had

been read, which had as little to do with the grim realities of the problem of over-population as the flowers that bloom in the spring, Monsieur Albert Thomas, Director of the International Labour Organization, outlined a typically academic proposal for the control and direction of migration by an International Centre. He admitted that his scheme was possibly no more than an ideal "to be attained only at an infinitely distant date"; it certainly revealed no suggestions of any practical value which could bear upon the actual facts of the case. But the speaker's fervent eloquence was vastly impressive, moving his audience to warm applause of his fantastic vision of a "kind of supreme control, above national sovereignty, ruling in a rational and impartial way the distribution of population, controlling and directing migratory movements, deciding about the opening and the closing of a country to the various elements of population." Listening to those sonorous phrases, tricked out with all the arts and crafts of oratory, one could not help wondering what Signor Mussolini would have to say to such a scheme, or how it would strike the citizens of the Great Republic, which remains so coldly aloof from all these adventures in internationalism! Not that there is any immediate risk of their being troubled in the matter; for M. Thomas goes no farther than to propose "the creation of an international centre to study the question"—in fact, to endow the League with one more permanent Commission.* As I left the Salle Centrale, with those high-sounding periods still ringing in my ears, I was reminded of the terse advice of another eminent Frenchman: "*Prenez-moi l'éloquence, et tordez, lui le cou.*" But that was a counsel of perfection.

Later, sipping the sunset *apéritif* on a terrace of the Quai du Mont Blanc, one heard much earnest talk of the approaching Conference, of the prospects of general disarmament, the Polish and Finnish schemes for mutual protection against aggressors, and other weighty matters. Everyone was very important, very busy and bright; at the same time, curiously enough, nobody seemed to be particularly hopeful of the Conference achieving any

* M. Albert Thomas receives a yearly salary of 90,000 Swiss frs. plus an entertainment allowance of 30,000 Swiss frs.—roughly £5,000.

concrete results. This, indeed, is the keynote of the League's multitudinous activities—a vast amount of feverish running to and fro, devout lip-service to the idealism of the moment by the eminent personages representing the Big Five, and pious resolutions, solemnly recorded, to bring about the abolition of all the ills that flesh is heir to, including war. But behind all these is the immovable shadow of the eternal truth, that self-preservation is, and must ever be, the first law of nations, and that, when once this law is invoked, no weapon in all the League's armoury can prevent its operation. Every delegate and every member of the Permanent Secretariat knows in his heart that, even if the United States and Russia were persuaded to join the League, even if " the general idea of the Locarno Treaties were included amongst the fundamental rules which should govern the foreign policy of every civilized nation," it would still be true that national security, the first duty of every government, must frequently be irreconcilable with any sincere acceptance of the ideals of internationalism. Admitted that, so long as no vital cause of conflict occurs amongst the Great Powers, the League can perform a number of useful functions in improving the relations, and assisting the reconstruction, of minor European States, or in bringing the machinery of the Court of International Justice to bear on questions of international law; but against the causes and consequences of world conflicts, the League remains a voice—and nothing more. It can no more aspire to define, for instance, the scope of the Monroe doctrine, to modify the status of Manchuria, or the application of the Asiatic Exclusion Acts, than it can hope, by virtue of pious aspirations, to put an end to trafficking in arms or to the opium trade in China. Confronted with such realities, the " insubstantial pageant " of the League must fade away. But the gorgeous Palaces and the Portfolios will remain, and they too are realities.

It is, I think, because the insubstantial nature of the pageant is so obvious, and yet tacitly ignored, that the proceedings of the General Assembly, and of its manifold committees, impress one with an abiding sense of unreality, of solemn make-believe—an impression not to be

dispelled by the speeches of Herr Stresemann or the *ex machina* visitations of Sir Austen Chamberlain. The gulf which divides speculative idealism from practical politics, and the principle of pacific internationalism from that of self-determination, is no nearer to being bridged today than it was when the League was first created by the Peace Treaties. The most civilized nations show no signs of increasing willingness to put their trust in altruistic agreements and compulsory arbitration in preference to measures of national defence. Nor is there any evidence of a world-wide desire to put an end to those economic rivalries which President Wilson declared must cease before the "League of Free Peoples" could hope for a sincere and secure peace.

Those who direct the activities of the League, whose purpose it is to increase its authority and importance, are certainly not blind to these truths. It need therefore not surprise us if the proceedings of the League reflect an instinctive reluctance to face the definite practical issues of world politics and a marked preference for the application of the theories and pacific ideals of internationalism to matters which will permit of long and leisurely study. Hence, possibly, the frequency with which the phrase, "*Cher collègue, n'insistez pas,*" occurs (if report speaks truly) in the lobbies and *coulisses* of the Palais des Nations. An irreverent journalist of my acquaintance, well seasoned in the atmosphere of Geneva, goes so far as to say that if any delegate, facing the basic facts of an international problem, were to appeal to the Assembly to discuss it frankly and in all sincerity, he would shake the League to its foundations. Fortunately for the world's most brilliant blossom of bureaucracy, nothing so indelicate is ever likely to occur.

Notes from Paris

M. Poincaré and his Critics.—The General Elections of 1928 are still six clear months ahead, but all political talk already centres round them. Looked at broadly, the issue is indeed clear enough. It is whether or not M. Poincaré shall remain in power to complete the work of financial consolidation which he has successfully begun. The Prime Minister himself has repeatedly told the country that the stabilization of the franc, and the conditions of financial equilibrium on which it depends, can only be attained if he is left to finish his task in peace. If everybody in France believed this as implicitly as M. Poincaré himself, there would be no question about the result of the elections. Unfortunately, quite a large number of people are not convinced that his presence at the head of affairs is necessary for the financial salvation of France to be completed. Some of them consider that the salvation is already sufficiently complete for practical purposes; others think that it would be better completed without him.

These critics are mainly confined to that comparatively small world which is vaguely described in the newspapers as "political circles." The country as a whole still believes in Poincaré, but fairly wide ranges of politicians and political observers believe that his popularity will pass before long as the economic effects of his financial policy begin to weigh more heavily on the country, and the politicians are preparing to catch the tide of public opinion at the turn.

The Attitude of the Chamber.—We shall see when the Chamber meets which way the wind is blowing. At the first contact between the Prime Minister and Parliament after the holidays, which occurred during the examination of the Budget estimates for 1928 by the Finance Committee of the Chamber, M. Poincaré maintained his position. The Committee at first admitted for discussion by the Chamber a number of proposals to reduce taxation which would have upset the balance of the estimates. M. Poincaré then insisted on the necessity of leaving them untouched, and told the Committee that the Government was prepared to stand or fall on the issue when the Chambers met, with

the result that the amendments were eventually withdrawn. This does not mean that they will not be brought up again when the estimates are discussed in the Chamber. The vigour with which they will be defended by their supporters will depend on whether the economic situation becomes much more difficult during the winter and makes the country as a whole curse instead of bless what the Socialists call *l'expérience Poincaré*.

The Economic Factor.—Compared with the brilliant prosperity of the last five years, there has been a slump in trade ever since the spring. During the summer it abated somewhat, and its effects were made less apparent by the absorption of the unemployed into field work in the agricultural districts. During the past two months, however, the symptoms of a decline have been seen in the shrinking of foreign trade and the decrease in the receipts from revenue, as well as from railway and postal traffic. The manufacturers admit that they are in for a long period of depression. They do not pretend to foresee the end of it; they admit that they cannot expect to reduce wages so long as the cost of living remains at the present high level; all that they can hope to do is to grin and bear it. As the country realizes gradually the price of stability and sound finance, it may begin to become restive. The development of opinion may even settle the fate of the Poincaré cabinet before the elections.

Paris qui change.—That the war should have brought changes everywhere is taken for granted. The war and the peace which followed it forced France to become an industrial country and spread factories all round Paris. The factories needed labour and the labour had to be housed, with the result that every spare acre of the Department of the Seine is now occupied with untidy settlements of huts and cottages which have nothing whatever in common with Haussmann's well-planned boulevards and avenues. But there are other changes taking place right in the centre of the capital. One is reminded every day that the fashionable quarter for shopping and dining is moving from the Opéra to the Etoile. The change has been brought about by the vogue of the motor and the traffic difficulties which it has entailed. The centre of Paris is fast becoming as

impracticable for private cars as the City of London. As it became harder and harder for a limousine to be manœuvred in the Rue de la Paix in the middle of the afternoon, the modistes began to emigrate westwards. They are being followed by the theatres, restaurants, cafés, and cabarets. There are at least six theatres now in the Champs Elysées quarter, and the Avenue de Wagram at night looks as if it had been removed bodily from the gay regions of Montmartre.

Other business is moving the same way. Who before the war could have imagined a newspaper office in the Champs Elysées? But now the *Figaro* is handsomely installed at the Rond-Point, and the Socialist *Quotidien* has selected the Avenue Kléber of all places as its home. The Hotel Massa, almost the last of the old private residences in the Champs Elysées, is being pulled down to make way for a branch of one of the *grands magasins*.

The British Institute.—The scheme for a British Institute in Paris is gradually taking shape. The funds collected for the purpose do not yet allow of building being begun on the residential college, which is to take its place among the other foreign colleges in the *cité universitaire* on part of the old fortifications, but a beginning has been made by the acquisition of the Collège de la Guilde at 6 Rue de la Sorbonne. This is a private institution which, for the past thirty years, has provided tutorial assistance in the form of classes and lectures for English students at the Sorbonne. It has now been taken over by the Institute committee and completely renovated. It will continue its tutorial work as before, but it has now been equipped with a club room and a library which will add to its usefulness by providing a natural meeting-place for English students as well as for French students of English. A most useful feature of the institute is an information bureau which supplies advice and guidance to any English person who wishes to study or attend lectures at the Sorbonne. The house is admirably situated for the purpose, almost opposite the entrance to the Sorbonne itself. The residential college will be almost in the suburbs, but the house in the Rue de la Sorbonne will provide a *pied-à-terre* for its students in the very centre of the university.

The Law in Cap and Bells

By J. H. Morgan, K.C.

A FOREIGN jurist once remarked of us that we are a litigious race. "I'll have the law on ye" is common form in the West Country as the final retort when the disputant's rhetorical resources are exhausted. In the East End "I'll swing for you yet" is the ultimate threat, expressing the equanimity of one who will take the law into his own hands first and then submit to its infallibility afterwards. Englishmen have always talked law, often, like M. Jourdain, without knowing it, and they lisp it in their prayers. When the translators of the Authorized Version of the Bible were at a loss for an equivalent for certain words in the Lord's Prayer, they turned to the law of tort and entered a plea of confession and avoidance with "Forgive us our trespasses." In Tudor times every country squire ate his dinners at the Inns of Court, frequented a moot, and talked law on the Bench in the days when Shallow and Silence governed the country at Quarter Sessions. In the Stuart age the "Opposition" party in the House fought the prerogative with the aid of the law reports. As for "State Trials," everybody went to them as to a play and none of the audience missed the curtain at Tyburn. Of this insatiable curiosity about the law there are many explanations. Trial by jury, no doubt, had a good deal to do with it; the sheriff's writ, empanelling a jury, searched the countryside and brought any and every "neighbour" into the courts, there to take part in the great game of the law. But, most of all, the home-made character of our law accounts for it. When the customary law of every other country went down before that invasion of Roman law known as the "Reception," English law stood firm as a rock against the alien tide. And the secret of its strength was that it had some three hundred years of law reports—of "Leading Cases"—behind it. "To put an end to the law reports," said Burke, "is to put an end to the law of England." Without Smith's "Leading Cases," without "White and Tudor" and all that they stand for, the lawyer would be as helpless as the classical student without his "Liddell and Scott."

And now comes a brilliant, inquisitive, and satirical mind, the mind of one who is not only an accomplished

man of letters, but quite obviously a man learned in the law, and gives us a parody* of all this Holy Writ which is almost blasphemous in its audacity, except that, so far from provoking a breach of the peace, it is calculated to induce more wholesome laughter in the average citizen than any parody—and there have been many—of our law that has ever been attempted. Every Englishman should read this book. He will be not only the happier, but the wiser for reading it. For, like all really good parody, its adhesion to the original is so close that the reader is lured on in each "case" by a carefully sustained "make-believe," until it is only when he reaches the anti-climax that he fully realizes the delightful absurdity of the whole performance. Mr. Herbert has completely captured the peculiar unction of judicial utterances—the gravity, the certitude, the solemnity, we had almost said the complacency, which seem inseparable from the exercise of that high office.

But the writer has achieved far more than this. He has turned the law itself upside down, shaken it, beaten it, and then put it on its feet again, a little giddy perhaps for the unwonted exercise, but little or none the worse. Sometimes, as in Fardell *v.* Potts, or the case of "The Reasonable Man," he pursues a legal doctrine to its logical consequences with devastating results, for the law is not, and was never meant to be, logical—the life of our law, it has been well said, is not logic, but experience. Or again, he takes some legal platitude such as the Rights of the Subject, as in the case of Engheim and Others *v.* the King, and so riddles it with exceptions as almost to prove that it does not exist. These are examples of his dialectical method. Others, such as the case of "The Expert Witness," are the methods of the caricaturist. Yet another, a masterpiece, Pritt *v.* Pritt, is an example of a parody of a branch of the law which has already become almost a parody upon itself—need we say it is a divorce case?—and is so trenchant in its humour that we shall not be surprised if Mr. Herbert does not succeed where, in their efforts after Divorce Law Reform, even Lord Birkenhead and Lord Buckmaster have failed. Satire has often succeeded in our political history where agitation has miscarried, and

* Misleading Cases. By A. P. Herbert. With an Introduction by Lord Hewart, Lord Chief Justice of England. Methuen. 5s.

Mr. Herbert may yet go down to history as a great law reformer.

One of the best and most illuminating examples of the writer's art is the case of Engheim, Muckovitch, Kettelbaum, Weimbaum, and Oski *v.* the King. Five British subjects, of the Communist persuasion, with these curiously exotic names, have been prosecuted and fined by a Court of Summary Jurisdiction for breach of the peace by refusing to disperse at a disorderly "Hands off Russia" meeting in Trafalgar Square. They petition the King and, by an unusual exercise of the prerogative, His Majesty "refers" the petition to the Privy Council. The petition sets forth that the police-court proceedings were in violation of the liberties of the subject as secured by the Bill of Rights, and in particular of the "rights" of public meeting and free speech. The Lord Chancellor delivers judgment:

> Now, I have had occasion to refer before to the curious delusion that the British subject has a number of rights and liberties which entitle him to behave as he likes so long as he does no specific injury or harm. There are few, if any, such rights, and in a public street there are none; for there is no conduct in a public thoroughfare which cannot easily be brought into some unlawful category, however vague. If the subject remains motionless, he is loitering or causing an obstruction; if he moves rapidly, he is doing something which is likely to cause a crowd or a breach of the peace; if his glance is affectionate he is annoying, and if it is hostile he is menacing, and in both cases he is insulting; if he keeps himself to himself, he is a suspicious character, and if he goes about with two others or more he may be (*a*) a conspiracy, or (*b*) an obstruction, or (*c*) an unlawful assembly; if he begs without singing he is a vagrant, and if he sings without begging he is a nuisance. But nothing is more obnoxious to the law of the street than a crowd, for whatever purpose collected, which is shown by the fact that a crowd in law consists of three persons or more; and if those three persons or more have an unlawful purpose, such as the discussion of untrue and defamatory gossip, they are an unlawful assembly; while if their proceedings are calculated to arouse fears or jealousies among the subjects of the realm, they are a riot. It will easily be seen, therefore, that a political meeting in a public place must almost always be illegal, and there is certainly no right of public meeting such as is postulated by the petitioners. It was held so long ago as 1887 by Mr. Justice Charles that the only right of the subject in a public street is to pass at an even pace from one end of it to another, breathing unobtrusively and attracting no attention.
>
> There are, in fact, few things, and those rapidly diminishing, which it is lawful to do in a public place, or anywhere else. But if he is not allowed to do what he likes, how much less likely is it that the subject will be permitted to say what he likes! For it is generally agreed that speech is by many degrees inferior to action, and therefore we

should suppose must be more rigidly discouraged. . . . The strong, silent man is the admiration of us all, and not because of his strength but because of his silence. The talker is universally despised, and even in Parliament, which was designed for talking, those men are commonly the most respected who talk the least. There never can have been a nation which had so wholesome a contempt for the arts of speech; and it is curious to find so deeply rooted in the same nation this theoretical ideal of free and unfettered utterance, coupled with a vague belief that this ideal is somewhere embodied in the laws of our country. . . . There is no reference to Free Speech in Magna Carta or in the Bill of Rights. Our ancestors knew better. As a juridical notion it has no more existence than Free Love, and, in my opinion, it is as undesirable. The less the subject loves, the better; and the less everybody says, the better. Nothing is more difficult to do than to make a verbal observation which will give no offence and bring about more good than harm; and many great men die in old age without ever having done it. And the strange thing is that those who demand the freest exercise of this difficult art are those who have the smallest experience and qualifications for it. It may well be argued that if all public men could be persuaded to remain silent for six months, the nation would enter upon an era of prosperity such as it would be difficult even for their subsequent utterances to damage. Every public speaker is a public peril, no matter what his opinions. And so far from believing in an indiscriminate liberty of expression, I think myself that public speech should be classed among those dangerous instruments, such as motor-cars and fire-arms, which no man may employ without a special licence from the State. These licences would be renewable at six-monthly periods, and would be endorsed with the particulars of indiscretions or excesses; while "speaking to the public danger" would in time be regarded with as much disgust as inconsiderate or reckless driving.

This is not only very witty in conception and very felicitous in expression, but is full of sound law, although, of course, deliberately exaggerated law. It will administer a thoroughly healthy shock to those who have been brought up on Professor Dicey's complacent abstractions about the "Rights of the Subject," and thereby taught to believe that, "in spite of the temptations to belong to other nations," an Englishman prefers to remain what he is, simply because he enjoys something known as "rights" which are denied to the subjects of other and benighted countries. There never was very much substance in Professor Dicey's claim for our national superiority in this respect, and there is even less today. Mr. Herbert makes the same point in his other "cases"—in "Is Magna Carta Law?" a question he answers in an almost irresistible negative, and in "Rex *v.* Haddock," a diverting satire on those inquisitorial methods of the

Income Tax Commissioners which make an English taxpayer's life one long nightmare. As for what the *Times* has very properly called "Our Encroaching Bureaucracy," we commend to the reader the police-court hearing of "Rex *v.* Haddock," in which Mr. Haddock, who frequently does duty in Mr. Herbert's delightful pages for the long-suffering British citizen, is summoned by the Income Tax Commissioners for failing to answer one of their notorious examination papers. Mr. Herbert has no real quarrel with the judges—he is much too sound a lawyer not to know that they are the one safeguard we have left against the ill-conceived attentions of Government departments in these over-governed days—but he has, we are happy to observe, no use for the bureaucracy. Indeed, he has fortified himself and his book with a most gracefully written "Introduction" by the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Hewart, who slyly remarks that, in seeking it, "Mr. Herbert may have decided that it is more agreeable to suffer an Introduction than to be committed for contempt of court." But all lawyers, judges included, who, as a profession, are certainly not lacking in a sense of humour—the law touches life too closely for that—will enjoy these heretical pages as much as the laymen.

Mr. Herbert's "cases" show an extraordinary ingenuity. Are defamatory words uttered by a gramophone libel or slander? The House of Lords, on appeal, is unable to agree on the point. Is a marriage, being notoriously a "lottery," in the nature of a "gaming contract," and therefore unenforceable and unrecognizable in a court of law? The President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, after careful consideration of the fortuitous conditions under which men and women become so infatuated as to get engaged, decides that it is, and that he will therefore in future refuse either to recognize it or to enforce it. There shall be no more decrees for restitution, separation or divorce. The President, in refusing, on these grounds, Mr. Andrew Marrowfat a decree for restitution of conjugal rights, is led to remark that choosing a wife is even more a "game of chance" than backing a horse. Thus:

> The prospective husband is backing a horse which has never run before, or, if his fancy be a widow, has never run over the same course in the same company. The form of a racehorse is public property,

but the form of a bride is of necessity concealed (*laughter*). Have I been indelicate?

Sir Humphrey Codd (Counsel for respondent): No, my lord.

The President: Lord Mildew said in Simpson *v.* Archdeacon Dunn (1873), 2 Q.B. at p. 514, "The critical period in matrimony is breakfast time." But for too many couples the first breakfast which they take together is the wedding breakfast. . . . In all matrimonial transactions, therefore, the element of skill is negligible and the element of chance predominates. This brings all marriages into the category of gaming. Therefore it will be idle for married parties to bring their grievances before us, and, in short, this Court will never sit again.

It would be impossible, within the limits of a short article and without excessive quotation, to convey to the reader another quality of this remarkable book, namely, the subtlety with which Mr. Herbert conveys the forensic atmosphere. It is even better done than the immortal case of Bardell *v.* Pickwick—which is saying a good deal. Better done, because this book contains not one "case," but twenty-one. The duologues between a tired judge and a tedious counsel, the interchange of pleasantries between Bench and Bar, the little thumb-nail studies of the different types of advocate—the obsequious, the tenacious, the self-assertive, the insinuating—all these betray a sound instinct for the drama of the law. In this respect these pages "smell of the court," even as an Indian Forest Officer once said of Kipling's famous book, "It positively smells of the jungle."

We will conclude with Mr. Herbert's sportive treatment, in Fardell *v.* Potts, of that ghostly figure of the law of negligence, and much other law besides, "the Reasonable Man." Lawyers know him well. The law of tort, in which "every man acts at his peril," could not do without him. Is a man sued for negligence? He must answer not according to the degree of care he meant to take, however conscientious he be, but according to the care "a reasonable man" would have taken. Or, as the law-books put it, the standard of care is "objective," not subjective. That, like so much else of our common law, is common-sense. Mr. Herbert, in a serious mood, would be the first to admit it. If the law were to attempt in every case to measure a man's conduct and its consequences in civil cases by what he actually intended, the law would be reduced to the quackery of psycho-analysis. Indeed, nearly every victim of another's negligence would be without redress, for of few defendants can it be said, and of still fewer

could it be proved, that they intended to be negligent. Hence the necessity of our objective standard personified by "the Reasonable Man." But Mr. Herbert, on pleasure bent, manages very effectively to make this commonsense look like nonsense. Mrs. Fardell, "a woman," as he observes with appropriate emphasis, appeals against judgment for £250 damages in an action for negligence by Mr. Potts, with whose punt her motor-launch has, in consequence of her navigation, come into collision, with the result that the plaintiff (Mr. Potts) was pitched from his punt into the Thames and caught a violent cold. Counsel for Mrs. Fardell appeals on the ground of "misdirection" in that—though the law reports do afford ample authority for the resolution of all legal difficulties by putting the simple question, "Was this, or was it not, the conduct of a reasonable man?" and leaving that question to be answered by the jury—there is no single mention in the whole of the law reports of a reasonable woman. Legislation, remarks the judge, Lord Justice Marrow, has unfortunately "whittled away" a great part of our sound and venerable law as to the inferior status of women; "but so far as our law of negligence is concerned, I am persuaded that the law remains intact and that there is no such thing as a reasonable woman." "It is no bad thing," he adds with the utmost solemnity, "that the law of the land should still, here and there, conform with the known facts of everyday experience. . . . I find, therefore, that at common law a reasonable woman does not exist. The contention of the respondent fails, and the appeal must be allowed." Such is the anti-climax of a portentous judgment in which Lord Justice Marrow, before denying the existence of a reasonable woman, argues that there can be few persons at once more necessary to the law and more odious to society than an invariably reasonable man.

A wise instructor at Sandhurst used to initiate the cadets in the art of thinking for themselves in military matters by putting into their hands a brilliant parody of tactical exercises known to all soldiers as "The Defence of Duffer's Drift." If I were going to initiate untutored minds in the law, and lure them into the study of it by gentle arts, I should put into their hands Mr. Herbert's "Misleading Cases." For the rest, let every Englishman read this book and rejoice.

Pacifist Propaganda: A Reply

By Arthur Ponsonby, M.P.

THE development of armaments and the nature of engines of destruction in the second quarter of the twentieth century, combined with the experiences of the Great War, are driving the nations to a re-examination of the necessity of preserving war as a recognized institution for attempting the settlement of disputes between nations. Various approaches are being made towards the solution of the problem from the point of view of the League of Nations, from the point of view of the individual governments and from the point of view of the people. All are useful, even those which only act as warnings of the wrong road, like the recent Geneva Conference.

One of the main difficulties to be encountered by those who are working for international peace is the retention in people's minds of some of the fallacies and delusions which the war tradition has created. Mr. Patrick Devlin, in his interesting article in THE ENGLISH REVIEW of September, bases his arguments on some of the most often quoted of these and builds up his case against pacifist propaganda on these false foundations.

We must take war and diplomacy and international intercourse as we find them today and waste no time in going back to past centuries. We are asked to believe that war may arise from the unprovoked attack of an aggressive foe. As Mr. Devlin puts it: "Confronted by a determined aggressor, a country has no alternative but to fight." This myth is carefully fostered by the believers in war, is preached to each nation in every war, and is kept alive in order to make each country prepare for the next war. In no war that we have ever waged would we admit that we have been the aggressor, and in the schools and colleges in every nation each generation is taught that all their wars were wars of defence, even though many of them, like ourselves, may have to admit that as the result of the war they sometimes achieved considerable territorial expansion.

How simple it would be if it could be proved by a general consensus of opinion that a deliberate act of aggression was the sole cause of war! How easy it would be if a legal and satisfactory definition of aggression could be found!

But anyone who has studied the matter at all knows perfectly well that wars do not arise from the sudden and unexpected attack of an aggressor, from the flagrant breach of a treaty, from the violation of a frontier by a hostile army, or from any deliberate act with criminal intent. Once war is declared, each nation is on the defensive because each nation becomes an aggressor; treaties are broken and international law goes by the board. But war is not caused by any simply defined incident. While the occasion of war may be some particular event, some note or dispatch, or the utterance of some statesman, the cause and origin is far deeper down, far more complex, far less capable of precise definition. A multitude of events can contribute towards tension between nations, some of them political, some economic, and fear of the prospect of aggression can always be introduced by each government to support its case and justify itself to its own people. Nationalist sentiment can be excited in order to prepare the people for the possible eventuality of war. This tension may last over a period of years, and armament preparation, leading inevitably to competition, makes the governments manœuvre for position, and allows the statesmen in the diplomatic game to retain in their hand the war card, awaiting the moment when it can be thrown down threateningly on the table. Once the die is cast, the enemy has to be represented as an undiluted criminal without a particle of justification on his side. Mr. Devlin entirely fails to show that there is any analogy whatsoever between an individual criminal and a nation. To brand as criminals millions of people who are quite unconscious of the causes of the trouble and who harbour no animosity whatever against any of their fellows in foreign lands is ridiculous on the face of it.

Considering the network of divergent causes which has produced the tension and the complexity of the conditions which surround the dispute, this clumsy

representation of the case, this crude vilification of the enemy, is palpably absurd, and quite irrational. But for war purposes and for the sake of securing a united nation it has to be resorted to.

Those who may think that out of patriotic motives they must accept without question all they are told on the outbreak of war surely need not remain blind to the true situation, when they are endeavouring in the interval of peace to prevent the nations having recourse again to this imbecile method of endeavouring to settle their disputes.

Unless and until we rule out the nightmare of this threatening aggressor we must, of course, listen to our experts as to how we must prepare to defend ourselves against him. Adequate preparation will mean having just a little more than he may possibly have, and consequently we shall remain bound down in the old rut of armament competition.

As this so-called defensive warfare is the only form of warfare which Mr. Devlin justifies; and as I am convinced that he is basing his case on a fallacy, I am quite prepared to accept his challenge and declare that warfare in these days can *never* be justifiable and refuse to admit the validity of any war. Apart from self-defence, I do not suppose that Mr. Devlin would maintain that war might be "the only conceivable means of attaining a good and essential object." The wholesale destruction of cities and the wiping out of vast numbers of the population—men, women, and children—can neither achieve a good object nor can it settle any dispute. The tragedy of war is not only its barbarity, but its imbecility. It settles no dispute, it creates fresh differences, and it puts back the hands of the clock of progressive enlightenment in man. There is not a shred of justification for it in any conceivable circumstances. But so long as the governments of the world continue to believe that it is unavoidably the last resort in an extreme dilemma, so long shall we retain armaments, and no standard or limitation of them will be of the smallest avail. "International law must depend on force," says Mr. Devlin, "and that is the rationale of the League of Nations." If this be so, the League of Nations will never succeed.

A super-national authority which depends on bombs, tanks, gases, aeroplanes, and machine-guns to accomplish its purpose can never help to establish international peace. Every attempt made to eliminate the element of force and substitute moral authority will help to strengthen the League. It may at first fail in the exercise of moral suasion, but its failure will be nothing as compared with a war sanctioned by the League, which would inevitably be the end of the League of Nations itself.

The Governments are slow in learning the lesson of the last war. They are still reluctant totally to discard the weapon which has proved so dangerous, so destructive to themselves, and so useless. That is why I have adopted the method of appealing to the people who do not make the quarrels and yet are both the agents and victims in the catastrophic events which arise from the failure of the statesmen. Their refusal to participate in this barbaric and futile physical contest, even if only a few hundred thousand pledge themselves to that refusal, will have the effect of depriving the statesmen of the war card which hitherto they have used too lightheartedly. The people surely should have some say. It is no good asking them for an opinion when their intelligence is obscured in the mist of falsehood which rises when the war cloud appears on the horizon, or when their patriotism is appealed to and their judgment disturbed by false cries. It is now, when their minds are clear, and when disillusionment after their recent experience has shown them the truth, that their verdict must be sought. Far from preparing for them "a situation fraught with peril," I am inviting them along the only path which leads to security.

If the bugle were to sound, they might be confronted with a dilemma. But if a sufficient number of them, here and in other countries, adopt the attitude of resistance, they will unquestionably prevent the bugle from sounding at all.

[*Mr. Patrick Devlin's reply will be published in the December number.*—ED. E.R.]

Hoffmann and His Tales

By Francis Gribble

HOFFMANN drank himself to death more than a hundred years ago; but his famous tales are still read. They have had their literary influence as well as their popularity with the multitude. Heine, indeed, declared his art to be "a disease," and Goethe deplored "the effect produced in Germany, for so many years, by this sick man's morbid fancies"; but "posterity begins at the frontier," and Hoffmann's renown quickly passed the frontier. Balzac, when he published "La Peau de Chagrin," had to defend himself against the charge of indebtedness to him.

"The literary genres," he wrote to the reviewer who brought the charge, "are the common property of all the world. The Germans have no more a monopoly of the moon than we have a monopoly of the sun or than the Scotch have a monopoly of Ossianic mists. Who can flatter himself that he is an original inventor? I was not really inspired by Hoffmann, for I did not know his work until after I had thought out my own."

It does not much matter, at this time of day, whether the defence is a good one or not. One cites it merely as a proof of Hoffmann's importance in the eyes of the generation which launched the Romantic Movement in France—a movement based upon the imitation of foreigners previously despised. In fiction Hoffmann was one of the principal foreign models. Even Victor Hugo certainly owed something to him. But there is a difference to be noted.

The French Romantics were men of striking and impressive personality. They imposed their personalities and provoked curiosity concerning them, with the result that their careers are even more familiar to most of us than their writings. We are in a position to take sides in their quarrels and sympathize with them in their catastrophic love affairs. Some of them—Alfred de

Musset, for instance—are sympathetic figures to us even when they are drunk.

Hoffmann's case was not in the least like that. For the greater part of his life he was a bibulous nonentity. For the remainder of it he was a bibulous best seller. The sudden success which dragged him from obscurity shortened his days, for the money which it brought enabled him to get drunk every night—a regular indulgence which he had not always previously been able to afford. He was not a success, however, as a social lion—habitual drunkards very seldom are. Preferring the tavern to the salon, he relapsed into the obscurity from which he had emerged. Yet, as his work still lives—and as he himself attributed the efflorescence of his imagination to his inebriety—it seems natural to inquire what manner of inebriate it was whose drunken fancies achieved immortal fame.

His native place was Königsberg. His parents were respectable, but of incompatible temperaments. His mother made a religion of propriety and the conventions; his father defied and ridiculed them. After a few years' bickering they separated, and Frau Hoffmann returned to her family, whose estimate of the conventions and proprieties corresponded with hers. She took the future man of genius with her; and as heredity had endowed him with a double portion of his father's Bohemian spirit, he grew to manhood in temperamental rebellion against the restraints of a Philistine household.

But he had not the makings of a triumphant rebel, lacking both the force of character and the physical advantages required for complete success in that rôle. He had an aptitude for all the arts—for musical composition and drawing as well as for authorship; but he was a diminutive and ugly youth, of grotesque appearance, with an impudently aggressive tuft of hair sprouting from the top of his head. That handicap made a complete breakaway from Philistinism to Romanticism difficult. Romance—which is, of course, a different thing from Romanticism—was, with Hoffmann, a flight of the imagination more often than a practical experience.

The one love affair of his adolescence had a prosaic ending. He fell in love with a married woman—

unhappily married and eager for sympathy from any quarter—to whom he was giving music lessons. They sighed together at the piano, and talked of divorce and elopement; he gave her the pet name of "Cora," though her real name was Dorothea. But when Cora's husband died, a fraudulent bankrupt, after dissipating her dowry, Cora preferred the path of worldly wisdom and threw Hoffmann over for a schoolmaster: a sorry anti-climax for a young man who, as a boy, had been caught trying to dig a tunnel from his father's garden to the premises of an adjoining girls' school.

For the rest, we may say that Hoffmann was, at that period, a rebel only in his leisure hours. His maternal uncle Otto had a controlling influence over him, and persuaded him to become a lawyer and a civil servant. He is said to have been a competent lawyer and a model functionary, punctual and dependable in office hours, and satisfied to devote his evenings to the arts and the bottle. One might follow him, if this portion of his career were worth tracing in detail, to Glogau, Berlin, Posen, and Warsaw. He was at Warsaw when Napoleon's army arrived, and was one of a group of civil servants who arranged a "share-out" of the cash in a Government office, to prevent it from falling into the enemy's hands, and had a purple time in the cafés while it lasted.

That was the time when shame at the crushing defeat of Jena began to make the Germans a united people; but Hoffmann was quite untouched by that wave of emotion. The loss of his job distressed him much more than his country's misfortunes; and his participation in the Warsaw share-out was his one and only patriotic gesture. He fell into dire poverty. We have letters of his in which he complains of having had nothing but dry bread to eat for a whole week. His hunger may have been one of the causes of the hallucinations which then began to beset him. When he fell ill, he fancied that his body was phosphorescent, and that the friends who came to sit by his bedside were musical instruments. When, after his recovery, he was at Berlin, he met, or fancied that he met, in the Unter den Linden, a stranger whom he believed to have been no other than the dead Chevalier Gluck.

He was then living, partly on loans from his friends, and partly on his precarious earnings as a caricaturist; but it was, in the end, his musical talents that extricated him from his embarrassments. He advertised for a post as musical director, and obtained one. His wife, from whom he had been separated for a year, returned to him. They settled at Bamberg in 1808. It was at Bamberg that Hoffmann began to find himself as an artist, and that his life began to be interesting.

He was quite a personage there—a teacher of music as well as director of the Bamberg theatre. His uncle Otto's death put a little additional money in his purse. A wealthy wine merchant became his intimate friend, with the result that he always had plenty of the best to drink. Moreover, he fell in love—very seriously this time; and this second love-affair was really a sentimental education for him—the more useful, emotionally, perhaps, because it ended unhappily. He wrote the story of it in his Diary, in Greek characters so as to defeat the curiosity of his wife, though not in the Greek language, of which he knew little more than the alphabet.

The heroine of the story was Julia Marc, a Jewess aged only thirteen, when he met her, and one of his music pupils. He fell in love with her at once, and remained in love with her for years. The coquetries of the leading ladies at the theatre were powerless to distract his attention from her. Here are a few extracts from the Diary which depict the situation:

At the Rose. Drank. Strange thoughts—principally of Julia. My God! I am baffled and beaten. The expression in her eyes!

Yes, little Neuherr would willingly become my mistress. She is pretty, it is true, but I think of her only when I am with her, whereas, when Julia is near me, I don't even think of my happiness, and as soon as I leave her my thoughts are her prisoners. Yes, I could run away with her. I daresay she would be willing to come, but she is so innocent that I should never dare to make the proposal. She is nearly sixteen. When she sings one would say she is going to die as she utters the last note. When she laughs her mouth quivers like the treacherous waves of the sea. God or the Devil must decide what is to happen. I wait for her amid the ruins of a wasted life. If only I were ten years younger—if only I were free! But this wedding-ring of mine——

Is it possible that a little girl can inspire so intense a passion? Two or three days ago I thought I was not quite so much in love with

her, but when I saw her at the window that was enough to throw me back into my delirium.

A remarkable discovery about Julia! She knows everything, or, at any rate, she suspects it.

Other people suspected it also. Hoffmann's wife suspected it, and made a scene, and seized the Diary, and locked it up. Julia's mother suspected it, and came to the conclusion that she had better find her daughter a husband in order to get her out of danger. There was a certain Groepel of Hamburg—a prosperous merchant of that city. The wars had increased his fortune while diminishing hers. He was young, and reputed to be amiable and accomplished. She would invite him to Bamberg for Easter.

The invitation was sent and accepted. Groepel came to Bamberg. Julia was a dutiful daughter. She made herself pleasant to the Hamburg tradesman against her will, and in spite of Hoffmann's sarcasms at his expense.

"A charming fellow, this Herr Groepel," he said. "How happy you will be with him! A little bandy-legged, it is true! His legs are rather like a spider's; but he has beautiful eyes like a toad's to make up for them. And now may I have the pleasure of the next waltz with you?"

Whereto Julia replied that she did not wish to dance with Hoffmann while he was drunk.

That was in April 1812. There was no betrothal as yet—only an expectation of one. Hoffmann tried to reconcile himself to the prospect and persuade himself that this outcome of his romance would be better for his peace of mind and his future as an artist. In August, however, Groepel was back; and on the 10th of that month we find this entry in the Diary:

The deed is done. The lady has become engaged to that accursed ass of a shopkeeper, and I feel as if all my musical and poetical life were shattered. I must take a resolution worthy of the man that I claim to be. This day has been perfectly devilish.

What sort of a resolution he had in mind one can only guess; but his actual proceedings were probably unrelated to it. The scene of the outburst was an inn at Pommersfelden, where Julia's mother was giving a picnic party, her guests including Hoffmann, Groepel,

and Kunz, the wine merchant. The last-named had provided the wine for the party—good wine, and plenty of it. Bottle after bottle was emptied. It looked almost as if the rivals were trying to drink each other under the table.

Groepel became amorous under its influence. Hoffmann became quarrelsome. The former put his arm round Julia's waist and kissed her in the neck. The latter protested rudely:

"Come, come, my friend. You might at least wait for the wedding. Julia doesn't seem very pleased at being kissed by you. I quite understand that. If I were Julia——. But no matter. She'll get used to you. One gets used to everything in time."

Groepel muttered some rejoinder which inebriety made unintelligible, and Hoffmann sneered at him for stuttering:

"You're quite eloquent. Even the lawyers seldom spoke as well as that when I was at the bar. What a pity that a great mind like yours should be absorbed by the paltry cares of commerce. The bar would have been proud of you."

"Suppose we take a little turn in the garden," suggested Frau Marc, by way of throwing oil on the troubled waters.

"An excellent idea," said the wife of the wine merchant; but she had reckoned without the potency of her husband's wine.

That wine had gone, not only to Groepel's head, but also to his legs. As he offered Julia his arm and glared at his rival, he tumbled over his chair, and sprawled at full length on the floor. He would have pulled Julia to the floor with him if Hoffmann had not caught hold of her; and the others lifted him into the carriage and drove him home, dead drunk.

Groepel apologized and was forgiven. Hoffmann apologized, but was not forgiven, having come too near to confounding Frau Marc's matrimonial scheme. She forbade him the house, and he tried to console himself by drinking harder than ever; but his failure in love was, nevertheless, the prelude to his success in life, and one might almost say the beginning of it, throwing him back

upon himself, stimulating his ambition, making him feel the need of self-expression.

Hitherto he had dabbled in several arts, but achieved little in any of them. What he now began to desire was a post which would leave him leisure to attend to them, and a patron to help him to publicity; and both these needs were satisfied. Kunz, the wine merchant, believed in him as an author, and signed a contract, undertaking to publish anything that he cared to write. His respectable friend, Hippel, found him the job that he wanted.

Hippel had been his playfellow and his schoolfellow at Königsberg. He was prosperous and held a good position in the public service. He had drafted the manifesto in which Hardenberg called the German people to arms. Hoffmann and he had lost sight of each other for years, but they met, by accident, at Dresden, and Hippel talked eloquently of the awakening of the Fatherland. Fichte and Schleiermacher had made the people patriots. Scharnhorst had turned them into soldiers. All the poets were singing of the holy war. And so forth.

All that meant little or nothing to Hoffmann. Patriotism was not in his line, though he still owed Napoleon a grudge for the loss of his job at Warsaw. As a musical director he had been equally ready to entertain the invaders and the invaded, first at Bamberg, and then at Leipzig. Now he found the task of musical direction too exacting. His one wish was to return to the civil service, in order that he might live a double life, earning his bread as a sober functionary by day and cultivating the arts under the influence of strong wine by night. And Hippel got him what he asked for—a post in the Berlin judiciary; and he had no sooner taken over his new duties than he began, for the first time in his life, to make a sufficient and even considerable income. His opera, *Ondine*, was popular. His stories were in demand. He insisted, not only on being well paid for them, but on being paid in advance; and he sometimes neglected to deliver the manuscripts for which he had received his fee.

Literary Berlin tried to lionize him, but he made himself impossible in society. He was equally rude to

the pretty girls who did not bow down and worship him, and to the elderly blue-stockings who did. When one of the latter, being placed next to him at a dinner-party, attempted to engage him in intellectual conversation, he actually picked up his plate and ran away from her to the other end of the table, declaring that all intellectual women ought to be sent to the hospital for incurables as soon as they had passed the age of twenty-five. It is not surprising to learn that he was seldom invited twice—and never three times—to the same house.

As a judge, however, he took himself seriously. If he was not a great judge, at least he was an independent one, as he proved when Jahn, the founder of the German gymnastic societies, was arrested and locked up on some vague charge of demagogy. He threatened to resign if Jahn were not released. He defied the Minister of Justice, saying that "the highest functionaries are not above the law." He even caricatured the Minister of Justice in one of his stories, putting into his mouth the words: "Once we have got hold of the criminal, we can soon find a crime for him."

All the same, he was living a double life. In the morning he was a judge, and as sober as a judge, looking as dignified in his robes as so grotesque a little person could. After his day's work was over he went to the café to get drunk; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that he regarded getting drunk in a café as a part of the day's work no less important than keeping sober on the bench.

The friends who shared his potations got up and went home; but he sat on and continued to soak, and to be inspired. It was then, and only then, that inspiration came to him. His genius was a genius in a bottle, released only when the bottle was uncorked. The phantoms then issued from it and danced before his eyes. At last he got up and staggered to his study, to put his fancies on paper.

He was "living dangerously." A life like that could not last very long. It had the less chance of doing so because his constitution had always been feeble; and he was only in the forties when he began to find himself a decrepit invalid.

According to most of his biographers, he "drank himself to death," but that, though true, is not the whole truth. Drink doubtless hastened the end, but it certainly did not give him the disease of which he died. It may or may not have been the cause of the arthritis which tortured him, but it certainly did not account for the *tabes dorsalis* which the doctors eventually diagnosed. That must have been the legacy of earlier excesses of a different order.

Happily he had faithful friends about him to the last. His respectable friend and patron, Hippel, visited him every day on his deathbed, and heard his expressions of remorse for his many blunders. "Ah, Theodore," he murmured to him, "if you had always been near me, I should have been a different and a better man."

And so no doubt he would, though life's odd ironies have brought it about that whereas Hoffmann, the drunken reprobate, has achieved a fame which still endures, Hippel, the grave man and model of all the virtues of the perfect citizen, is remembered only because he happened to be Hoffmann's friend.

The Lion and the Unicorn

By J. Allan Dunn

THE old inlet, closed six years ago by a great north-easter, had reopened; the one that had taken its place filled in overnight. The renewed avenue of the tides was already half a mile wide, shallow but spreading aggressively, resolved upon permanent supremacy, bent upon changing the outline of Clawson's Beach.

Redding found it was no good for fishing, still bottomed as it was with rank growth that fouled his hook. He gave it a fair trial and abandoned it—for this season. Next year, on the turn of the tide, it should be a good place for weakfish and blues.

It was October, and Clawson's Beach was deserted. A few might come at the week-end if the weather was good; but its heyday was over. Later the duckhunters would come down for brant and black mallards. Through the summer it was popular enough—fishermen, picnic parties, young couples, family groups. They came to lounge in the sun among the dunes, the bayberry bushes and the scrub growth, to paddle in the surf, toss pebbles, make love, eat their lunches and leave the debris for the gulls to peck at and the sea and wind to clear up.

Not a very picturesque spot, but handy to the city. The fishermen's reason was obvious. As for the rest, perhaps the sea remotely called them, perhaps it was the sheer contrast from the life of the town. There they poked at stranded starfish and dogfish ova cases, picking up seaweed and other flotsam, making fires from driftwood, occasionally organizing a clambake. Some of them ate at the "Shack," patronized the amusements provided for them, rode on the merry-go-round, were photographed with an old hulk and the ocean for background, spent money at the cheap gaffs, lolled a little and loved a little, returned rested to the city, leaving behind their jetsam of empty cans and cartons—and came again.

Redding was one of the few who came in the middle of the week. He was a writer of fiction, selling enough to

make life fairly easy, finding that thoughts often flowed freer when he went a-fishing.

It was Thursday, and the beach was lonely. The merry-go-round had been dismantled, its gasping engine and calliope housed in a shed. The morning fishing was not good, but he hoped for better luck later. At noon he went to the "Shack" for sandwiches and a drink. It was a ramshackle building that seemed never to have been painted, to have been patched and propped with sea-flung timbers, grey with weathering, toned by Time to fit its setting.

A woman waited on him, elderly but brisk, with a face like a ruddy apple, wrinkled in preservation, with blue eyes that were still bright, asking his needs in a pleasant voice, bustling off into a smaller room to make his sandwiches.

It was the first time Redding had visited the place. Usually he brought his luncheon with him, but this time he had been rushed to catch his train. There was one main room some thirty feet long, half of it fitted with a counter, metal tables and chairs. The other end was cluttered with a strange litter, a confused mass of shape and colouring in shadow—the windows at that end being boarded up. He made out the shapes of animals, not quite life-size, strangely stiff in pose—the gaudy menagerie of the merry-go-round.

He walked towards the jumble. There were giraffes with long spotted necks and bodies, black and orange; piebald ponies, chariots for children, lions with stringy manes, and unicorns, prancing equines painted white with gilded, twisted horns between their staring eyes.

He had seen the merry-go-round in action, heard the wheezy piping of its calliope, the laughter of those who mounted it, tilting for brass rings. But the unicorns intrigued him. He did not believe he had ever seen a unicorn before on a merry-go-round.

The woman called him. His luncheon was ready.

"You own the merry-go-round?" he asked.

"It's my son's, sir." There was pride in her voice. "We store it 'ere for the winter after we close up. We just stay for the first of the 'unting. It gets too cold later. That's my boy's. 'E 'ad it made to 'is own idea.

Leastwise the lions and unicorns is original with 'im. You noticed them?"

Redding nodded. She wanted to talk and he was willing to listen.

"You see, sir, when my boy was little I used to tell 'im the old rhyme—per'aps you know it, sir?

> The lion and the unicorn were fighting for the Crown,
> The lion chased the unicorn all around the town.

It's just a jingle but it took 'is fancy. It was in a book of Mother Goose rhymes and there was a picture of it. 'E liked that picture. 'Is father told 'im unicorns were fabulous—if that's the word, sir—but my 'Enry always insisted there must 'ave been unicorns once. Said 'e was going to hunt for them when 'e grew up. When 'e got the merry-go-round, 'e 'ad them put in—the lions and the unicorns—an' the lions are always chasing them. They're real popular, too. Is your drink to your liking, sir?"

Redding thanked her as the door opened and a young man entered. He was tall and angular, dressed in mechanic's overalls. He had the eyes of a dreamer, a horse-face with a mass of dark red hair flung back from his high forehead. He stood wiping his hands on a bit of waste. About twenty-three or four, Redding fancied him, an unusual sort, with his big nose and pale, staring eyes of flecked amber.

"I've just been telling the gentleman about your unicorns, 'Enry," said his mother.

'Enry's face lit up, he stood more erect.

"It's an unusual collection," said Redding. "Interesting. A neat fancy, the lions chasing the unicorns, you know."

"You think so? The folks that ride 'em don't get the idea, I guess. But they like the lions—the young 'uns—and the unicorns are allus popular. Sometimes they ask me the name of 'em. I like the unicorns best myself. Yes, sir, I've saved every penny I ever got for that merry-go-round—*and now I've got it.*"

There was a touch of something like awe in his voice; of a mighty ambition achieved and hardly yet believable. Redding felt embarrassed. He should, he felt, have been

able to show better appreciation and understanding of an achievement so evidently great to its possessor.

"Pays you pretty well, doesn't it?"

"Yes, pays pretty good, week-ends through the summer." It was clear that the financial gain counted little beside the fact of ownership. "You know it's a thirty-eight-footer! Diameter. Twenty-four animals. Four of 'em unicorns, an' four lions. I tech 'em up every winter. Regild the horns. I've jest got through greasin' the engine. She runs mighty smooth. You'd a'most think they're alive, to see 'em going round an' up an' down."

"I haven't ridden on one of them since I was a kid," said Redding. "I'll have to try this in the spring, on a unicorn."

He hardly meant it, merely felt he should say something not to belittle this pride. The face of 'Enry glowed. To Redding, imaginative by profession, there was a hint in it of thwarted romance, of baffled adventure, even of poetry, expressed in a merry-go-round—in lions and unicorns!

"I'll give you the privilege, sir, any time you want. You don't suppose there ever was such a beast, I suppose, sir?" The tone was wistful.

"I'd hardly venture to say no. They've been described by a good many old writers, like Mandeville. They were supposed to come from India. There are sea unicorns, so why shouldn't there have been land ones?"

"You see, mother?"

She nodded like a mandarin image, her arms folded on her comfortable breast, beaming at both of them.

The beach was desolate when Redding went ducking. The skies were grey, the long seas rolling in in rumbling ranks were grey, urged by a north-easter that piled them up as the cold day passed on to twilight and the shadowless dunes grew remote—ghostly when the sun broke through in its last hour—with the wind whistling through the shivering growths.

He waited for the evening flights, walking down the beach at last towards the "Shack," with a brace of birds for his bag. It might be closed; if not, he might get a cup of coffee, something to eat.

From a dune top he saw the inlet, a cove now, white furious water on the flood. The smouldering sunset touched it with livid colours, tinged the long building. Its windows were dark on the shore side, it appeared deserted. It was a house built on the sands, and Redding saw that it now seemed to stand upon an island. Closer view confirmed this. The inlet raged within a few feet of it, the hungry sea had washed away the beach on its other flank. This canal widened as he gazed, its water red as blood, turbulent, sucking away the sand. The shed that housed the engine and the calliope was awash. It rocked in a howling gust of wind, toppled, and then its boards were carried off, leaving the two tarpaulined objects battered by angry waves.

The house would be the next thing to go. It stood stark and dark against the barred and glaring furnace of the horizon. Overhead the storm wrack swept on inland, the tempest beginning to deepen from a deep whine to a howl as it gathered courage for its onslaught from the coming night. Spume was being driven like soft snow, in horizontal streaks. The fury of the storm that had been augmenting all day was now unleashed. And yet there was no rain, but it was a full mile to the railroad and Redding foresaw a nasty walk.

Yet he stood staring at the silhouette of the doomed "Shack." The water was up to its foundations now, lapping in retreat, flung high in advance, pounding, testing, storming, surrounding it.

Perhaps they had salvaged the menagerie. The engine might have been too difficult to move.

"I've saved every penny I ever got for that merry-go-round—*and now I've got it.*" The urge of the words was so strong in his memory that it was almost as if he actually heard them again. He visioned 'Enry's face with the eyes of a dreamer, the shock of dark red hair, the look of dwarfed adventure and romance refining it.

And then he saw him. He had come up from inland and was standing on the crest of the dune, unconscious of Redding, of anything but the ruin of his ambitions.

The wind shrieked with redoubled violence, whipping at their garments. There was just one streak of light,

left over the sea, red as flame. The sky was ebon black, the salt spray stung their faces, encrusting them, while the sea seemed possessed with a burst of irresistible fury. Billows leaped to the attack, smashing at the far end of the "Shack." It sagged, the roof lost its even line, a corner-post gave way, and the wave pack charged through the breach. It seemed to crumble, to melt. The force of the blast made Redding lean against it, but the angular figure beside him stood erect, and he heard, against the sweep of the wind, a gasping sigh.

Something came bobbing out of the ruin, rolling on its side, upright for a moment—a piebald horse, limned by the end of the light that now was like a lurid eye. A chariot went bobbing wildly off, a giraffe reared its blotched neck. The sea seized them, flung them into grotesque attitudes. Redding went closer to the other, wrapped in drenched denim—a figure eloquent of despair.

There was a twinkle of light, the glare of the lurid eye, Cyclopean, upon the gilded horn of a white beast. A maned lion lurched in pursuit. Then the sky closed in. Darkness swooped down upon the turmoil. A sable curtain had fallen upon the tragedy. There was a brief lull, as if the storm had risen for this deed and now rested.

Redding could hardly see 'Enry now. He barely sensed his vague figure. But his voice came clearly—the hollow voice of a lost hope.

"I allus like the unicorns best of all."

There was nothing to say. Redding turned away, the wind, renewed, driving him inland, leaving the invisible shape of 'Enry, staring into the black heart of the storm.

The Great Untaught

By Preston Weir

THERE can be no doubt about the interest which the people of this country take in education. But it is an interest in what may be called the politics rather than in the actual work of the schools, although the two are not always independent of one another. The Englishman is generally willing to provide what is wanted for the young, the poor, and the sick; and, having done so, is apt to leave all the rest to the professional class concerned, which, in truth, is generally ready enough to take the responsibility, and perhaps to resent subsequent interference. But truth is no longer the preserve of the priest, the doctor, or the teacher; and the opinions of those who have to do with boys after they leave school may afford valuable guidance in matters which neither teacher, inspector, nor Board of Education is always able duly to appreciate.

Serious criticisms may be passed both on primary and secondary education and the results it produces, as many a parent knows to his cost. How often does a boy spend years at a school, where the top boys are all the time winning scholarships, and leave it with his mental powers undeveloped, his mind hazy, and his will unequal to doing anything thoroughly?

If it were possible to collect the evidence of parents and employers throughout the country, it would undoubtedly reveal a very general dissatisfaction, and a conviction that the intellectual standard of boys, when they leave school, is not what might be expected in return for the large sums spent on their education. These misgivings do not often find definite expression, but their existence makes men wonder whether more money is really all that is wanted to perfect our system of national education. The nation will never grudge what is needed to train its children to the highest point of proficiency; but it would be a disastrous perversion of

generosity if people became obsessed with the idea that all difficulties could be solved by money alone. Many who have passed middle life and remember the enthusiasm for education which marked the years immediately following the Act of 1870 must often ask themselves whether the average boy of today is really so vastly superior to the corresponding product of forty or fifty years ago as to justify all that has been done for education in the interval.

In some ways he is superior. He is more civilized, more amenable to gentle influences, easier to manage, better behaved, more mildly interested in everything in general and nothing in particular. But he is softer, more inclined to rely on the efforts of his teachers to put knowledge into him, more anxious to absorb than to acquire, more ready to expect success than to earn it, very apt to merge himself in the mass and shelter himself behind the work of his fellows, less interested *in* knowledge than *about* knowledge, too much like the policeman who did not know French, but was "aware of it." Why should he unduly exert himself? No one will note the delinquency, the routine of the school will not reveal it, and there are no adequate means of correcting it.

"Ca' canny" too often begins in school. The forces and restrictions that actuate the adult not infrequently have their origin in influences that play around the growing mind. It ought in justice to be added that all this is as much hidden from the boy as from his parents and teachers. He has no fixed standard by which to measure himself, no irreducible minimum which cannot be missed without disgrace. He honestly loses sight of himself in the crowd and modestly regards himself as only a cog in a class. Individuality is lost. It is the factory system applied to education.

There are, of course, thousands of satisfactory boys who take every advantage of their opportunities and whose value to the nation amply repays the cost of their education. There need be no anxiety about their success; they would do well under any system or no system. But their very presence and prominence tend to hide the weakness of the mass. They are too often regarded as samples rather than exceptions. It is the large remainder

that should cause anxiety. The number of boys who have any capacity for wide learning is really very small, and the attempt to treat everyone as a potential genius produces innumerable wrecks. It seems certain that the average boy's education has become too diffuse and flamboyant, and that he never forms that kernel of accurate knowledge which is probably all that he is capable of achieving or, at any rate, is the necessary nucleus of wider learning. Half the boys are handicapped today in following science and literature by stumbling over the meaning of common English words in their textbooks, or by inability to make the simple calculations required in elementary chemistry and physics.

Is it not possible that, in the effort to embrace too great a range of subjects, education has outrun the thoroughness which alone constitutes it education? Proficiency in the elements will not preclude but promote the pursuit of higher knowledge. Nowhere is the parable of the talents more urgently needed. There is no question of withholding anything from anybody who can profit by it. But there is great need to insist that a boy shall justify himself step by step, and that he shall not lose the sound English education which he might achieve for the amusement of playing at subjects and accomplishments which he will never achieve. Even he who is limited to quite an elementary education may comfort himself with the reflection that it is, if faithfully mastered, by no means to be despised, and opens the door to almost all human knowledge. How many men in ordinary walks of life utilize more than the three R's?

There are, broadly speaking, two types of mind to be dealt with. The one is the outgoing, explorative type, ever seeking to broaden its horizon, but sometimes, with more ambition than ability, inclined to outrun the constable. Minds of the second type never seem able to exceed a limited range; indeed, they are in constant danger of losing their way, if they lose sight of their natural boundaries, but within limits may attain to great practical proficiency. These form by far the larger number in all schools, and are often lost sight of by high educational authorities.

There are, correspondingly, two steps in mental

development, two stages in all education—an elementary, initiative, almost static stage, and an advancing, dynamic stage. The enterprising mind passes through the former, almost without knowing it; but the great majority must toil through with conscious effort if it is to achieve its highest development of mind and character. These stages cannot be separated by hard and fast lines, but to ignore the elementary is ruin to all except geniuses. It is useless to fling learning at boys in the mass, even if some of it sticks. The mere knowing of odds and ends is a vain accomplishment. The items must be acquired with care and organized with purpose. A heap of bricks is not a house.

It would be easy by undue restriction to narrow a mind capable of broadening out. It is equally easy to produce chaos in a mind by pouring into it an extent and variety of knowledge which it is quite incapable of grasping. Let us broaden all minds by all means to the limit of their capacity—but with caution; mere diffusion is not breadth. It is astonishing to note, when one has the chance, how many boys in schools of all sorts are simply floundering out of their depth in a welter of subjects with which they have to feign acquaintance. They catch crumbs thrown to them and think they are being educated; but what they know is not knowledge.

It is probably necessary to explain to the present generation that, for many years after the reorganization of elementary education in 1870, every child in an elementary school was examined individually every year by the Government Inspector in reading, writing (spelling), and arithmetic. If he passed in two out of the three, he "passed the standard." These individual tests were tacked on to a system of payment of the Government grant according to the results—a system which may or may not have deserved all the violent things that were said of it. After much agitation the system of payment by results was abolished, and for some reason, not easy to understand, the practice of individual examination soon followed it into limbo. It is doubtful if anyone at the time foresaw the full consequences of the change.

Consider for a moment the important part played by this system in the great work of national education,

which advanced during those years as it has never advanced since. It provided from year to year a definite object for each child to aim at and to attain largely by his own efforts; it gave definite purpose to the work of the teachers, and necessitated co-operation between teacher and pupil to secure a success which would reflect credit on both. But, beyond this, it was a guarantee to the parent that his child was neither neglected because he was slow, nor allowed to shirk because he was lazy. It established a more or less absolute standard throughout the country by which the progress of children could be estimated, and practically fixed a minimum below which the work of a class or a school could not be allowed to fall. It gave the child a self-confidence that, if he did not know everything, he at least knew something—a confidence which few children of any class enjoy today, and the lack of which does more than anything else to unstring their minds and weaken their wills. The result was that the sixth standard boy of forty or fifty years ago reached a degree of accuracy and precision in elementary work which often gave him a far better start in life than the average secondary school boy of today, whose knowledge has always been vague and ill-organized.

If the system of individual tests in elementary subjects, instead of being swept away, had been extended to all grades of schools, there would have been a great improvement in the general intelligence of this generation. As it is, few average schoolboys of any kind can be relied upon to do the simplest sums in arithmetic, to spell the everyday words of their own language, to write a decently worded letter, or to read with intelligence a paragraph from an ordinary newspaper. That this is the condition of a majority of boys is known to anyone who has the opportunity of testing them. If all schools of all grades could be tested at this moment in reading, writing (spelling) and arithmetic, the result would be sickening; and it is doubtful if the upper and middle classes would show any superiority over the elementaries. It is not to be supposed that this elementary work need occupy more than a fraction of school time, or exclude the wider interests of school life; and in return for it every boy would experience the exhilaration of feeling that, amid

much that was vague and elusive, there was a real core to his learning, something in which he could hopefully aim at practical perfection; for without some vision of perfection no mental or moral training is possible.

There are three grades of children in our schools: the clever, who will always be educated; the hopeless, who will never be educated; and the great mass of the medium, the possibility of whose education will depend on whether or not they can be got to work in school. There are no adequate means at present available for making an unwilling boy work; it is different from what it was; nothing has yet been devised to take the place of unpopular punishments. Hence there is a very human tendency in all class-teaching to make the convenient assumption that a boy who does not do a thing cannot do it; but it is wonderful what can be done with such a boy by periodically bringing his work to a definite attainable test.

The true function of inspection is to assure the general attainment of an essential minimum, which, in its turn, would prove the greatest incentive to further progress. It is precisely because the foundation is rotten that the superstructure is rickety. The attempt to educate the mass of the people by relying on the "interest" excited in the mind of the child has definitely failed; and no further proof of that failure is needed than the disappointing results of nearly all continuation schemes. It is customary to attribute this failure to the counter-attractions of the present day. But something must be allowed to the inevitable repulsions of a scrappy education. Boys, who are conscious of their own scrappiness, shrink from making further fools of themselves and find no abiding interest in the pursuit of ignorance. A sloppy diet weakens the body and a sloppy education debauches the mind. The only constructive regimen is work (however little) well and faithfully done. It is certain that the body and the mind act and react on one another. An unexercised body hinders mental development; and an unused brain causes no end of ill-health. Do not boys often betray their innate craving for a definite purpose in life by the excessive pursuit of a definite sport?

No one desires to put undue pressure on boys of any

class or any age, for it could only defeat its own object; but probably three-fourths of all the boys in the schools could, with a very little more energy in teaching and learning, be turned out in the end worth 50 per cent. more to themselves and the nation. For lack of that little more they too often have to struggle against odds all their lives, missing much of the comfort, happiness and success that might have been theirs.

It has been asked why so many boys want to become clerks. It is doubtful whether they do "want to." They drift into it. But why? Certainly not from any affection for the black coat; they show no such weakness on the sports ground. Certainly not from any preference for an indoor life, a monotonous routine and a lack of fresh air. The real reason is, I believe, that want of self-confidence common to all half-trained minds. They are not sure what they can do, or whether they can do anything perfectly. What a comfort to have someone over them who can be mechanically obeyed, someone under them who can always be blamed, and others around them who can be conveniently consulted! It is often pathetic to see how self-distrustful and self-deprecatory boys are when they have just left school and realize how much they have not learnt. It is not so much the school curriculum that is at fault; any curriculum could be so taught as to inspire self-confidence and make a man of the learner. It is not ignorance of this subject or of that. The haunting consciousness that they have never learnt how really to grapple with *any* subject inspires them with an aversion to the new and the unknown.

It is, I suppose, true to say that the Board of Education, since it relinquished individual examination in the elementary schools, has practically confined itself to benevolent supervision of the teachers. What else can it do? The whole tendency of public opinion of late years has been to relieve the boy and his parents of all responsibility and to load the teacher with the whole burden. The consequence is that the average boy simply does not work. If he did, his education would be more complete and far more economical. But he does not work largely because he cannot understand what it is all about, and he does not see the use of working. So he "just has a good

time." Any serious test that awaits him is too far off to disturb his comfort. What he needs is a series of annual elementary tests, to act as stepping-stones across the stream; his native ambition would do the rest, and his parents would have some idea of what was going on, instead of being left to discover the truth when it is too late to redeem the time.

Every year there is discharged upon the community a crowd of boys whose meagre and uncertain knowledge hardly seems to get them a living wage, and whose total inefficiency seriously handicaps the nation. More carefully trained from the first in thorough and conscientious work, they should become the artificers of national prosperity; for the success of this country in the international competition of the future will depend upon the work done in its schools.

The Sherwood Colliery Experiment

By Lieut.-Col. G. S. Hutchison, D.S.O., M.C.

THE meeting of the British Association at Leeds, and the immense publicity given by the Press to its deliberations, again demonstrate that the British public is becoming more and more health-conscious, and possesses an ear willing to listen attentively to the teachings of science.

Any student of sociology must detect in this tendency a fact of profound significance in our national life—that since the war a revolution in thought has been encompassed quietly and undramatically in our midst. We have developed into a people whose health-consciousness and dietetic interest are more keenly alive than that of any other country, not excepting America.

The reasons for this revolution, I suggest, were the direct consequence of the war-time discovery that we were deteriorating into a " C.3 " nation. Without doubt, for all scientific and medical evidence is in support of the theory, this degeneration is due to the industrialism, and conditions of labour, to which the bulk of our population has been committed since the pioneer discoveries associated with the steam-engine and machinery used in our basic industries.

We have been satisfied, up to the war period, to produce immense national wealth and a high standard of living under early-Victorian conditions of sanitation and hygiene, whilst other countries, particularly the United States and Germany, following long in our wake, have been able to erect an industrial organization—cities, workshops, mining administration, and so forth—making good use of the wider territories, better communications and transport facilities available at that later period, and especially to secure, in these newer industrial operations, the discovery and experience gained from scientific invention and experiment, all of which has enormously developed to the advantage of civilization during the past generation.

We are living in a New Age; and whilst our chief industrial competitors have been able with comparative ease to introduce better hygienic conditions, housing

facilities, and so forth, to the great gain of their industrial populations, influencing also the output and psychology of the workers, we, faced with the greater difficulties of older foundations, hereditary prejudices, customs in occupation, and, it may be added, an immense load of both external and internal debt, have been unable to introduce similar methods to improve the standard of life of the community, and in line with the new health-consciousness of our people.

The war and post-war periods gave birth to the Ministry of Health, and have seen also remarkable developments in the realms of State medical supervision, hygiene and sanitation. Those unfamiliar with the reports of the Ministry and with the work of Sir George Newman and the Ministry's medical officers throughout the country may still consider that it is a luxury. Informed persons, however, will agree that it is as important as the Board of Trade, and is in fact its necessary counterpart. Health is more important than wealth; and in any case wealth cannot be produced without health. Good health—physical and mental—for the industrial population is the fundamental necessity to productive efficiency.

At least one critic of the British Association's Conference at Leeds has suggested that there should be a halt in scientific investigation, in order that we can adapt our psychological reactions to its more recent discoveries. It is my belief that the public mentality, though it may be confused about the origins of man and the adaptation of theological teachings to popular science, is on the other hand generally familiar with the progress of science, and ready to make use of every fresh determination. The Ministry of Health is evidence of this, as are also the countless clinics, the enormous growth of the use of the toothbrush, the pure food and milk campaigns, and the development of divers associations devoted to health matters. Amongst the latter especially should be named the New Health Society, which under the highest scientific, medical, industrial, and political authority is closely engaged in deliberation and experiment, and thereafter, by considered propaganda, in teaching elementary dietetics, the therapeutic values of sunlight and air, and the facts concerning child welfare and simple medicine.

THE SHERWOOD COLLIERY EXPERIMENT

Not the least important of those experiments which must occupy the mind of science and industry is that about to be conducted at the Sherwood Collieries, Mansfield, concerning the possible advantages of artificial ultra-violet treatment in industry.

It has been made clear from the investigations of men like the late Sir William Bayliss and Professor Starling, Professor Leonard Hill, Dr. E. Mellanby, Dr. Finsen the Scandinavian, Dr. Alfred Hess in the United States, Dr. Rollier in Switzerland, Dr. Saleeby, Dr. Howard Humphris, Dr. Leonard Williams, and many others, that the uses of actino-therapeutics in the prevention and cure of disease, especially amongst industrial workers, must occupy the serious attention of those interested in public health. There exists now so much accumulated evidence concerning clinical treatment and certain diseases to which we are especially subject, that two societies, each of which is directly interested in health and industrial welfare and efficiency, have set up a Committee for the purpose of conducting the experiment at the Sherwood Colliery. These societies are:

The New Health Society.
The Sunlight League.

A preliminary organizing Committee has been formed, consisting of:

Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter, M.D., F.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.
Dr. Howard Humphris, M.D., F.R.C.P., D.M.R.E., M.R.C.S.
Dr. C. W. Saleeby, M.D., F.R.S.E.
Lt.-Col. G. S. Hutchison, D.S.O., M.C., F.R.G.S.
Major J. B. Paget.

A clinic is now nearly completed at Mansfield, funds having been generously appropriated by the Sherwood Colliery Company, and the test which will be carried out over a period of two or three months will be conducted upon the persons of some hundred pit-lads pursuing the same occupation, having approximately the same condition of health, age, stature, family life and antecedents, so that as many factors as possible which might detract from an average or common denominator may at the outset be eliminated. The lads will be kept under close medical supervision; and in order that the results may be mathematically determined to the satisfaction of science, weights and measurements will be taken, whilst

pathological and psychological tests will be applied. The results it is sought to obtain are definitely those of the effects of ultra-violet treatment.

It is important that at the outset public opinion should know clearly why the mining industry was selected for this experiment, for the reasons may not be entirely obvious. There is evidence that mining as such may not necessarily be an unhealthy occupation, compared with other industrial occupations, though, of course, accidents may make the death-rate comparatively higher. Mining is largely an hereditary occupation, involving hard physical labour. The unfit are unable to endure the hardships of pit life, and consequently they are generally not to be found engaged in this occupation. Further, the hours of work during recent years, short time, and disturbances in the industry have liberated the mine workers for considerable "holiday" periods, which obviously have reflected themselves in a better health standard. These facts have been duly noted by medical officers in mining districts and by similar authorities who have given evidence before the Royal Commissions upon the coal industry. It should be realized that any statistics referring to the health of miners are definitive alone of the men actually engaged in pit work, whereas, in order to secure a true picture of the health standard of that large part of our community engaged in or dependent upon pit life, such statistics should embrace the whole of the mining population over at least two generations, including their families, both male and female. The mining industry was selected, therefore, first, because it is representative of a large part of our industrial community; secondly, because there is evidence from several mining districts that there is a considerable incidence of rickets, anæmia, and nervous disorder amongst pit-workers and their families; thirdly, because, owing to the disruptions in the industry, it is considered that the psychological results here especially would prove highly interesting; fourthly, because the organization and administration, hours of work and shift system of the mines easily permit of a considerable number of those employed being collected at a convenient place, with power, water, and building facility available. There might be considerable difficulty in all or one or other of these respects,

if, for example, the textile industry had been selected, in which factories are more generally situated in large towns without the necessary facilities, whilst it would be perhaps not so easy to gather the workers conveniently for the purpose without dislocation of factory life.

Having been deeply interested in coal-mining not only in Great Britain, but also in Germany and Poland, and being possessed also of a very keen sympathy for our mining population, I am the originator of the present experiment at Sherwood Colliery, and it was my desire that the test should, if practicable, be carried out. When it was first considered, it was discussed with Major J. B. Paget, who, in THE ENGLISH REVIEW of June 1924, first suggested light baths for miners. It was Major Paget, as director of the Sherwood Collieries, who, with the help of the chairman, Mr. F. N. Ellis, and his co-directors and manager, made it possible for this experiment to be made by scientists who will be responsible for its actual conduct. Since it began I have also received every support from the miners themselves, and I especially welcome the approval of the Miners' Federation and its officials.

The fundamental idea of heliotherapy is as old as the hills. In the beginning "God said, Let there be Light." Yet in our country, where we need it most, this idea, pregnant with potentiality in the interests of health, is either ignored or, thanks to an almost nauseating prudery, thrust by statute and law into the realm of the great taboos. The time has come when conventional ideas as to modesty should receive their death-blow from a rising generation determined, despite the law, to take to themselves what God gave them—the light—and the realization that the most perfect thing created by that God is the human body. What a poor thing, too often, has man made of that body—bent and curved by rickets, pale and anæmic, racked with tuberculosis, torn in childbirth, rotting generation after generation through disease!

We continue to improve our sanitation and the surgical wards of our hospitals; to multiply our sanatoria and our asylums. Yet, when we have a health agent so immensely powerful as sunlight, we obscure it with a curtain of carbonized atmosphere, and go on seeing that our people are swaddled to the necks lest the light of day should

expose the sculptured perfections of the body—incidentally, to the immense satisfaction of the vendors of patent medicine and quack remedies.

One thing is quite certain, that when the great Architect made light to our use, He had no quack remedy to offer. It is we ourselves, with all our ponderous civilization, who have produced quack chemists; whilst, as Dr. Saleeby, chairman of the Sunlight League, calls them, "the diseases of darkness"—of which tuberculosis is the most deadly—multiply in our midst. No quack remedy has prevented or cured this scourge. Light, sunlight, artificial Alpine sun, ultra-violet rays have, and will.

Before the conduct of this experiment I decided to take to a high altitude in Switzerland some half-dozen pit boys, selected at random as a fair sample of the younger life of the pit. I interviewed a great many pit boys as they came off shift, and as the result selected two pony boys, one trammer, and two younger boys working on the screens. They were in Switzerland for seventeen days during the latter half of August. The treatment given followed the general principles of Dr. Rollier at Leysin; and gradual exposure, beginning with the extremities, head, legs and arms, to the sun's rays during the cooler parts of the day was conducted, varying in each case with the degree of natural pigmentation and receptivity, until during the final three or four days the whole body was exposed to the sun's rays above snow-level for several hours.

My purpose in taking these lads to Switzerland was to focus public attention upon the subsequent pit-head experiment and to interest the mining population itself. Both these objects have been achieved. But a further object has also been secured. I was aware that possibly, indeed probably, from my experience in having taken quite a number of lads of about a similar age to Switzerland under similar conditions, quite astonishing results would be noted—not only general improvement of health, but also in so short a period as a fortnight a marked increase in weight, height, chest expansion, and leg development.

I do not pretend that such developments are due alone or predominantly to exposure to the actinic rays of the sun. Other factors, such as a high altitude, quickening

the blood-rate; the stimulation obtained from cold; change of diet—and this to that of the best character; life in an atmosphere entirely free from bacteria and carbonization; and, of course, a holiday in the best sense of the term, contribute very considerably to any actual results obtainable. The facts remain, however, and the results are to be seen. It is obvious that, taking all the contributory factors together, Switzerland as a holiday resort offers beyond doubt advantages obtainable in few other parts of the world; while on comparing the costs of such a holiday with anything similar in this country or any other popular continental resort, the Swiss holiday is undoubtedly the most economic.

Nevertheless, it is my own view, based upon the long experience of Dr. Rollier, Professor Leonard Hill, Dr. Saleeby, and other authorities, that it is the Alpine sun's actinic rays which are mainly responsible for the results obtainable for youths; and to a far more marked degree in the field of medicine and therapeutics for the prevention and cure of actual disease.

Incidentally I may say that I experienced the most enjoyable and satisfying holiday in the matchless company of this sample of our mining community.

It is the purpose of the forthcoming experiment at Sherwood to determine how far Artificial Alpine Sun Ultra-Violet Rays can strengthen our industrial population, in this case the mining industry, against preventable disease, and, further, against the lesser ailments which cause so much loss both of happiness and general well-being to the worker, and of economic efficiency in the industrial cycle.

It will be of interest to those who are watching this experiment, whether medically or industrially, to know that the lamps selected for the Sherwood Colliery clinic, for a number of reasons, the principal of which is the time factor, are Artificial Sun Mercury Vapour Quartz Lamps.

The last report of Sir George Newman states that a thousand pre-school children were examined last year by Dr. Margaret Hogarth, who says:

> In the present investigation the number of children showing single and multiple signs of rickets was so large that it was decided to include under this classification only children with certain groups of pronounced bony indications, even although the effect was to throw

a large number of children with slighter manifestations into the group containing non-rachitic children.

Even so, the table shows that 48·7 per cent. of the children examined showed signs of pronounced rickets. Turning to another part of this report, we learn that under the Ministry "an extensive use is made of lamps emitting short-waved ultra-violet rays both for the treatment of rickets, in which their value has been demonstrated, and for the general tonic action they produce in many patients. These lamps—mercury vapour, tungsten arc, iron arc, etc.—are comparatively inexpensive and consume little current; they have a rapid and active therapeutic action, so that short exposures are alone needed and can be tolerated; they have the further advantage that a number of patients can be rapidly treated at the clinic; lastly, they are easily installed."

We know also that research work has been carried out by the Medical Research Council under Sir Walter Fletcher and Professor Leonard Hill in regard to this matter, and that a large number of hospitals and clinics in this country, quite apart from its more general application on the Continent and in the United States, are installed with Artificial Alpine Sun apparatus.

Anyone who has knowledge of the actual conditions under which the mining population, indeed a large part also of our industrial population, is living—and I have such knowledge—must be aware, from the evidence available and the reports to which I have referred, that very great advantages can be secured by the workers themselves and their families, if provision can be made for Artificial Alpine Sun Treatment by Quartz Lamps.

Modern industry requires thousands of men and women to work in the dark for about two-thirds of every day. Even the remaining hours are generally spent under a film of smoke which effectively cuts off the actinic rays of the sun. These men and women are losing something out of life which is at least as essential to their well-being as food. The human system is remarkably adaptable—at a price. A man may be cut off for most of his life from sunlight, for seven or eight hours a day from any natural light at all. He will live, but he will pay for it. His children will pay. The industry he serves will presently pay. Ultimately the country will pay.

THE SHERWOOD COLLIERY EXPERIMENT

If we ask any modern medical authority for the contributory causes of rickets, arthritis, anæmia, and tubercle, the reply will be that these diseases are born in the dark, and thrive in the dark. They are aggravated in this country by the atmosphere which holds smoke and forms dense curtains of fog. They are real enemies of production. Modern industry demands output. Science has replied with machines and more machines. Untiring, unsleeping, they work with a hundred hands; superhuman servants. Behind them the human factor remains, the first and final problem, insistent and still unsolved. The machines have given of their best to industry, but in the giving they have taken away. Their advent has pressed man into congested works, spread a pall of smoke between him and the sky, condemned him to work in darkness under the earth. They have robbed him of his light, and because light is part of his life, and because his life is the centre of the scheme, industry has suffered. What is more important, since industry is for the service of man, health and life itself have suffered. With all its adaptability the human element is fighting a losing battle. The price of darkness is grim and heavy. It fills our hospitals in every crowded centre of the kingdom; men are paying for it in tubercle and arthritis; women in anæmia and nerves; and children in malnutrition and rickets, which predispose them to other diseases.

The argument, then, is this: Should a workman be less fit than his machine? The evils that darkness has brought, light can remove. Our foremost medical men state that we can give back life and health to our light-starved workers. They tell us that the ultra-violet rays of the sun can be reproduced—intensified even—by radiotherapy. If this is true—and the committee believe it to be true—then science can come again to the help of industry. But this time she will look, not to the machine, but to the man behind it. Science has protected the miner against fire-damp. It has never yet tried to protect him against darkness.

Regarded from the standpoint of health, of humanity, or simply of economics—will it pay?—the Sherwood Ultra-Violet Experiment must be of very serious importance to everyone interested in industrial undertakings.

National Points of View

By Major-General T. D. Pilcher

THE different angle from which two persons view an occurrence will often throw a truer light on their characters than can be conveyed by much description. The same principle holds good with regard to nations, where it is possible to find incidents with regard to which the opinion of the large majority concurs, and is dissimilar to that of the majority of another nation.

The following stories are to the point:

In pre-war days I was much in Germany, and although aware that the conception of duty ingrained in the mind of even the best of their officers was not quite similar to that of our own, I had always found it impossible to define what that difference was until one day I told the story of Colonel Halkett.

Halkett, an officer in the army of King George III was taken prisoner by Prince Charles Edward, but was afterwards released on parole, and rejoined his regiment. Soon afterwards he was ordered by King George to fight again against the Highlanders, but he refused and was tried by court martial.

Halkett's defence consisted in the words:

"The king is lord of my person, but not of my honour."

Halkett was acquitted.

I have told this story to many German officers and have asked them whether Halkett was right. The invariable answer has been: "No, he was wrong. The king issued his orders, and that should have sufficed. The king's command absolved him from all other considerations."

I have never met a British officer who did not concur with the verdict of the court martial.

This divergence of opinion explains many things. Another illustrative story is the following:

A few years ago we were travelling in California, when one day at dinner at a friend's house—for wherever we went we were treated with true American hospitality—a man to whom I had been introduced said: "I am always pleased to meet an Englishman, for one of your countrymen paid me the greatest compliment which had ever been made to me."

"What was it?" I asked.

"It was like this," he replied. "Colonel A, a wealthy Englishman whom I saw a good deal of at San Francisco, bought an estate, but things were not settled until he had left California. Before he had been gone a fortnight, however, I received a letter from him asking me to settle the whole business, with which he knew I was conversant, and enclosing me a draft for six hundred thousand dollars."

After saying this my newly-made acquaintance stopped and looked at me.

"Well?" I said after a pause, "what next?"

"He enclosed a draft made out to me for six hundred thousand dollars," he repeated. "I could have done what I liked with it."

"I may be very stupid," I replied, "but I don't see the point of the narrative."

He regarded me with astonishment as he answered, "No American would have done that!"

"How do you mean?" I ejaculated. "I hardly know a man in my regiment or belonging to my club to whom I should hesitate to send a cheque for any amount, if I thought him capable of putting the business through."

I have told this story to many Americans who have all admitted that my acquaintance's point of view expressed that of the majority of his countrymen. Is it the fact that a certain class of Englishmen, by shibboleths known to themselves, recognize each other for what they are and trust each other, that enables us to hold our own among men of other nationalities who are sharper than we are, but have not this advantage? Has envy of this possession on the part of those who have not got it anything to do with class hatred? I wonder! Again:

A few years ago a Russian and his wife, people who had been rich beyond the dreams of avarice, but were then wearing clothes which were threadbare, entered our house at Meran.

"We have splendid news from Russia," they exclaimed simultaneously.

"What is it?" I asked, thinking that they had received news of some successful anti-Bolshevist rising.

"The ikons in all the churches which had become dull and tarnished have all been reburnished by some supernatural agency." The Count looked at his wife as he spoke.

Ordinary consideration for my guests' feelings obliged me to conceal my incredulity, and all that I replied was:

"What do you make of it?"

"The inference is plain. The reign of anti-Christ is coming to an end," they exclaimed together.

Count A and his wife were highly educated people, masters of many languages and delightful companions, but were, as I knew, very orthodox members of the Greek Church, and I attributed their belief in something which I could not myself believe to an abnormal excess of religious fervour, and thought no more about the matter at the time.

Last summer, however, I found myself for two days in the company of another Russian, a man who had spent three years at Cambridge and had generally been educated as an Englishman.

To him I related what Count A had told me, expressing at the same time my surprise at his credulity.

"I see nothing peculiar about it," my friend replied to my astonishment. "I believe it entirely."

About a week later the same man, who had been an officer in a Guards' regiment at Petrograd, in the course of a conversation at which I was a listener, told us of the Russian Zigeuner.

"When one goes to hear them, one takes up one's abode with them," he said. "Night becomes day, and day night, and time passes without one heeding it. Once I absented myself from my regiment for seven days without leave." "And what did your colonel say?" someone demanded. "He asked me what I had been doing, and my reply was: 'I've been with the Zigeuner. Djinka was dancing and singing. I couldn't tear myself away.' 'What! Djinka was singing!' was all the colonel said. 'Why didn't you tell me? I'd have come too, if I'd known.'" So the matter ended.

An ordinary Englishman can understand the points of view of the German and the American in the first two of these stories, even though he does not agree with them, but to comprehend the Russian is beyond him.

"We belong to the East and you to the West, and you will never be able to understand us," is the way an old Russian gentleman once summed things up, or, as

a countryman of our own who had an exceptional knowledge of Eastern races once remarked to me:

"If you are dealing with an Asiatic and want to fathom what he will do in given circumstances, consider carefully the two or three courses which you might follow if similarly situated. Having done this, you may rest assured that he will adopt none of these."

If, however, Western nations differ one from the other in their mental angles of vision, those of the East do so to a far greater extent, and we have no more right to bunch the people of Asia together than we have those of Europe. Could, indeed, anything be more diametrically diverse than the mental and moral codes of the different castes and tribes of India?

To begin with I will tell a tale of a gallant, but characteristically vainglorious Pathan chieftain, fair of skin, handsome and lithe as a panther. A few days before I met him he had single-handed tackled an infuriated bull which was running riot in a fair, whilst the bunyiahs (traders) and low caste men fled in terror. When he came to see me, he brought with him a photograph of himself dressed in his best clothes, holding by the horns a beast which did not look half so fierce as he did himself. It was palpably evident that the photograph had been taken on the following day.

"Why, General sahib?" he said as we sat at lunch, "do you allow the Bengalis to give you so much trouble in Calcutta and to throw bombs at your women? Give me half a dozen of my young men with sticks and I will keep the whole of Bengal in order."

"The Bengalis are many," I carelessly replied.

"Does a leopard fear because a flock of sheep is large?" was his retort.

Khan Mozaffar Khan was a terrible braggart, but he was, nevertheless, a brave man, and there was an underlying stratum of truth in his remarks. When a Bengali apothecary attached to my regiment in a frontier expedition was tried by court martial for creating an alarm by night because a few bullets had fallen into our camp, his plea was: "I am not a fighting man, I belong to a nation of cowards, I throw myself on the mercy of the court."

The Pathan would rather have been cut into small pieces than make such a statement.

At the conclusion of one of our frontier wars the leader of the tribesmen said to the British general whom he had previously known, and who was on the point of death owing to the hardships of the campaign: "But why didn't you send word to me and say that you were ill? I would have suspended hostilities until you were well again. It breaks my heart to see you like this and to know that I am responsible. All I wanted was a good fight."

On the Afghan hills the eagle kills the goat, the snow leopard the ibex, and the buzzard the partridge, and man who is a fighting animal and assured of eternal bliss if he dies in the true faith, must also fight and kill. It is this which gives zest to the life of a Pathan.

Perhaps the greatest contrast to the Pathan is the Jain, who, although he will squeeze the last anna out of his debtor, wears a veil in front of his mouth that he may not commit the sin of swallowing a fly, and has the ground swept before him that he may not step on an ant.

Except in so far that he is a brave warrior and belongs to a ruling race, the point of view of the Rajput is no more like that of the Pathan than it is like that of the Jain or the Bengali.

The words of the late Sir Pertab Singh carrying a British officer's body to the grave in defiance of caste prejudices are striking enough to bear repetition. "There is only one caste which counts in the eyes of God," he said; "that is the caste of brave gentlemen, and both the sahib and I belong to that caste." The Pathan chief who apologized to his opponent for fighting when he was ill was a sportsman, but it is only a knightly Rajput who could have made this speech or that given in the following anecdote.

During the early part of the war when Sir Pertab was attached to the Indian Cavalry Brigade, a British trooper rode up to the staff with a message, jumped off his horse and threw the reins to the rajah, shouting as he did so: "Pukero tum" (catch hold, you), as if he had been a syce. When an officer apologized for the man's behaviour, Sir Pertab replied: "Since I saw your men make an attack the other day I regard every British soldier as my equal."

The Last Sacrament

By L. L. Webb

José lay quietly on the high bed, waiting for his friend Pedro to come. His last fit of coughing had been severe, but now his poor body was tranquil with the numb pleasure that comes from cessation of pain. From the alcove where the great bed with its four twisted posts and its mountain of mattresses was placed, as is the Mallorcan custom, he could see the branches of the almond tree. They seemed as if they were actually brushing the wooden window shutters; yet, of course, that could not be, for the tree was below the wide path that ran in front of the cottage. He watched the dancing shadows that the branches made on the whitewashed wall. Last year the doctors had said, "In the winter . . . "; and the villagers had caught a whisper of the unfinished sentence and said among themselves, "When the leaves fall, he will go!"

And the leaves had fallen and the deserted boughs had made their fantastic tracery against the sky; and now the tiny buds had come again, opening so quietly that, one morning, José left off looking at the two buds that he fancied showed a scrap of pink, to gaze at the whole tree flaunting hundreds of pink, fairy things in the sunlight. And almost while he looked it seemed to him that the buds flashed widely open in response to the laugh of the wizard sun, and the tree became one mass of exquisite white blossoms. Bees hummed and pilfered joyously, poising on the fragile petals as delicately as the spring breezes. And the tree, drunken with the glory of its beauty, made carnival and riotously flung its confetti abroad; then stood bereft, regretful of its folly.

José had watched it all with quiet satisfaction. It would be a good almond season, and that would be so much the better for his wife and children when he was gone. He had felt also a certain exaltation, for the villagers' talk had filtered in to his dusky alcove. "When

the leaves fall!" they had said. Well, they had fallen; and he was watching now for the new ones to come, and leaves last long. A child's voice, raised petulantly; a woman's quick command for silence, "*Seu! y no te mogas!*" ("Be quiet and sit still!") and the exaltation faded out. If he lasted much longer, the few poor pesetas would all be gone. How they had melted! He had felt almost wealthy, and the doctor's order that he should give up his work and rest quietly for a little while had not filled him with fear for the future. He was glad to rest; his strength was sapped, and it was pleasant to sit propped up in bed and see the neighbours between his attacks of coughing. His wife had bustled about, full of the importance of an illness that necessitated two doctors—the Mallorcan village one and the French doctor from the town. And the neighbours had all been impressed by the meat broth and the fowl and the fish soup that the doctors had ordered José to take. But those five hundred pesetas had dwindled—five hundred pesetas that represented in part careful savings, and in part the price of the three olive terraces on the cone-shaped hill. If he did not die soon, the other three terraces near the *barranca* (ravine) would have to go as well. Then his wife and children would only have the bit of garden land just outside the village.

The gentle green leaves had unfolded and clustered thickly to shelter the baby almonds. Pedro had said it would be a great almond season; every tree was packed with nuts, and the olive trees were showing flowers. The rain had come just at the right time, and everything gave promise of a fruitful year. "There will be much money," Pedro had said, "and much work." Today José felt the call of the earth. Pedro would come in and would tell him of the new fences he and Antonio were putting round that bit of land just below Mayol's hill. He would like to see the new stone *casita* that they had built, and the well. He had smelt the earth odour when Pedro told him they were turning over the soil; he had seen the filmy smoke coming from the earth-covered olive boughs smouldering to cinders to render back sustenance to the age-old olive trees. The plaintive bleating of the baby lambs, the twittering of the busy

birds fluttering about the shining almond leaves thrilled him, and he nursed the suggestion they made—when Pedro came, he would talk about it to him.

. . . . . .

The narrow street rang with exclamations. The villagers rushed to their doors, calling on the saints to witness the miracle; for there was José, up and dressed, with Pedro helping him on one side and Jaime on the other! They pressed about them for explanations, and the village echoed with the shrill Mallorcan volubility. José was going to see Pedro's land! Well, would it be believed? They were torn between their desire to follow José and his friends and to rush down to talk over the great happening with Francesca, José's wife. They finally chose the latter course, since José didn't seem inclined to talk and Pedro was surly and told them to mind their own affairs. Well! *Bon Jésus!* What will the doctors say? Now, after all, he won't have to sell that bit of land, though Miguel won't be pleased not to get it. "Why, José will be out working it himself next week," they assured Francesca, who looked dazed. It had all happened so suddenly; José had been so determined; and there he was in his best clothes, going up the mountains with Pedro and Jaime! The three men walked very slowly, stopping often for José to rest on sun-warmed rocks. Men and women, passing down, paused to exclaim at sight of him, and José with brilliant eyes and hectic cheeks stroked his mouth and roughly bearded chin with a tremulous hand. "Yes, yes, he was better, thanks to the good God. The air was very healthful." "The cough? Oh, nothing to trouble about," and he nearly choked in his valiant effort to keep back the contradictory cough. And with their quick instinct they knew that for today he wanted to be considered a strong peasant again. But when he passed up, they shook their heads—"In the winter . . .!"

José seemed to gain strength as they went upwards and insisted on seeing everything on Pedro's land. He looked appraisingly at the rough-coated sheep and soft lambs; he took the budding twig of olive tree that Pedro broke off to show him, and the little branch of *algarroba*

with its load of tiny fruit; he stooped painfully to pick the top of a broad bean plant with its scented flowers, and furtively he took a handful of the rough, reddish-brown soil and put it in the pocket of his best suit. Then he sat on the flat stone outside the new *casita* and looked across to the mountains, wrinkled with terraces, and sun-hazed—looked from the silvery grey-green olives and velvety *algarrobas* down on the orange groves glowing with fruit—to the blossoming quince and plum and cherry trees and the vivid green of the almond leaves —over the village, lying in the cup of the valley, and across to the hill beyond where two rows of tall, slender cypresses stood, reaching from an arched stone gateway to the little mortuary.

. . . . . .

The church bell rang solemnly; the villagers began hastily murmuring their rosaries; the *vicario* in his heavy robes came out of the church bearing the sacred crucifix, the two other priests following. Then came the acolytes, and the little procession moved gravely down the wide stone steps to the *plaza*, into the narrow cobbled street below, and up into José's house, while the bell struck solemnly, and the villagers crooned prayers for the dying. The *vicario* and the weeping family passed into José's room up to the great bed in the alcove; and with a twig of budding olive tree, a scrap of *algarroba*, and a wilted top of bean plant clutched in one hand, and stony reddish-brown earth in the other, José took the last sacrament.

Matriarchy and the Mothers*

By Anthony M. Ludovici

It has taken a long time, but I have at last read the three large volumes constituting Mr. Briffault's monumental work, "The Mothers," and I cannot help confessing that it would interest me very much to know how many of those who have not hesitated to give their opinion upon it have done the same. My study of social anthropology has been neither exhaustive nor systematic, for I have read but a limited number of original monographs on particular primitive races, and have confined my attention chiefly to general works and theoretical treatises based upon the discoveries and records of the field ethnologist. But my reading has been sufficiently wide to enable me to judge at least of the prodigiousness of Mr. Briffault's achievement and to form some estimate of its relative importance.

Let it be said at once, therefore, that "The Mothers" is one of the most scholarly, original, and painstaking works on social anthropology that it has ever fallen to my lot to read. It is the achievement of a man who has not only taken infinite pains to collect his evidence, but has also applied to the material thus collected a mind so shrewd, and an understanding so profoundly human and catholic, that his work towers above almost every other of its class in the wealth of its documentation and the suggestive richness of its thought. To criticize it adequately one would need to have read and studied all Mr. Briffault's authorities, which probably only one or two men in the whole of England could claim to have done. One would also need to have spent almost a lifetime over this particular class of literature alone—which again restricts Mr. Briffault's competent critics to an extraordinarily small number.

The bibliography covers 197 pages of closely-printed matter, with about thirty-two books to a page. This amounts roughly to 6,304 works, quite a good proportion of which run into two, three, or even more volumes! Thus Mr. Briffault's equipment is so fantastically beyond that of the ordinary conscientious student of anthropology that to check or criticize him, to correct or argue with him,

* "The Mothers": A Study of the Origins of Sentiments and Institutions. By Robert Briffault. 3 vols. Allen and Unwin. 75s. net.

would be a task that none but the most learned or most arrogant would venture to undertake. When I add to this, that again and again in the pages of these three volumes the authority of such an eminent and almost universally recognized expert as Dr. Westermarck is called in question, the ordinary critic may well shrink from committing himself. He may watch this struggle of giants with interest and some excitement, but unless he lacks all modesty and good taste, he will hardly dare to join in it. For if Dr. Westermarck, the almost classical historian of human marriage and of moral ideas, hardly survives unscathed, what would happen to smaller men? Not once, but repeatedly, chapter after chapter, Mr. Briffault, in addition to questioning Dr. Westermarck's conclusions criticizes the very authorities the latter adduces in support of them; and there is no denying that Mr. Briffault often appears to do this with telling effect.

Reviewing is often little more than the hasty record of a particular journalist's half-conscious reaction to those parts of a book which happen to have provoked his prejudices or prepossessions, but one may endeavour to pass on to readers a book which, precisely because it has given one many a staggering blow and violent shock, may prove of enormous interest to them. It is in this spirit that I warmly recommend "The Mothers," and that I confess at the same time that, although it has assailed many beliefs which I have long held (and, incidentally, confirmed me in many a conviction which, I imagined, I was singularly alone in holding), I cannot undertake to argue with its author or dispute his evidence. The most I can do is to say how his general thesis has impressed me, and to what extent it has carried conviction.

In his preface Mr. Briffault tells us that he had originally proposed to draw up a list of the forms of the social instincts, and to investigate their origin.

> I had not proceeded far before I discovered, to my surprise, that the social characters of the human mind are, one and all, traceable to the operations of instincts that are related to the functions of the female and not to those of the male. That the mind of woman should have exercised so fundamental an influence upon human development in the conditions of historical patriarchal societies is inconceivable. I was thus led to reconsider the early development of human society, of its fundamental institutions and traditions, in the light of the matriarchal theory of evolution.

In proceeding to do this the author delves deeply into the pre-history not only of the many civilizations which fall within the historical period, but also of those lower cultures which have been the subject of ethnographical investigation, and carries us back to a dim and distant past, when mankind first emerged from the animal state in order to form organized groups primarily reproductive in function and not co-operative as existing human societies are. And he discloses, or rather depicts, a panorama of early human life, in which the integrating forces are rather sentiment than law, a communistic division of labour rather than a functional ownership of private property, the power of superstition and magic rather than of knowledge and science, and the interests of the matrilineal and matrilocal group rather than those of the patrilineal and patrilocal family. In this early phase, through which, he claims, mankind as a whole must have passed at some period more or less remote (according to the particular division he happens to be examining), it was the economic conditions of the home and the home builders, the mothers, which determined the earliest form of the human social instinct, and it was the mating instinct of the female which determined the nature of the relationship of the sexes.

To say that the early chapters in which this interpretation is developed are full of interest and instruction is to give but an inadequate idea of the profundity of the author's analysis and the wealth of illustration which supports it. In chapter iv, particularly, when he enters into the problem of inbreeding, incest, and exogamy, he explodes many an orthodox doctrine which modern science, unconsciously influenced by theology, has retained too long and stubbornly. Perhaps, from my own point of view, this chapter was the most thrilling of all, for, as every one is aware who has followed my work since 1911, I have long been maintaining that it is difficult, from the strictly biological standpoint, to justify the existing prejudice against both inbreeding and incest.

The reader may find it difficult at times to agree with the author's interpretation of the evidence he adduces—for it is well, throughout the book, to remember that he is concerned chiefly with interpretation and not by any

means always with the establishment of fact—and he may think that the evidence at certain important strategical points is too thin to warrant the interpretation Mr. Briffault allows to depend on it. This applies, for instance, in regard to the greater intelligence of the female in animals and primitive mankind, the female nature of the earliest Egyptian priesthood, the jealousy of the mothers and its result in exogamy, and the origin of all tabu prohibitions in the curse pronounced by women in repulsing sexual intercourse at times when they were unfitted for it. The reader may also be led by certain daring suggestions of the author (for instance, vol. iii, p. 208, where it is hinted that the homosexual vice in Greece and the development of unnatural vices generally, may have been due chiefly to the adoption of women's priestly functions by men) to wonder whether the constant effort to make facts fit theory does not at times lead Mr. Briffault astray and mar the convincing quality of his expository style. These are, perhaps, small blemishes in view of the prodigious magnitude of the synthesis attempted. Nevertheless, an unbiased reader might wish that Mr. Briffault had gone more deeply into, say, the question of the times at which women are physiologically unfitted for sexual intercourse, before building on it such an elaborate edifice as all the subsequent tabus of primitive cultures. For it is not at all obvious that modern women, much less, therefore, primitive women, would necessarily repel the male at the well-known critical moment in their sexual cycle, nor do I believe that modern gynæcologists would unanimously uphold the view that this alleged "physiological unfitness" is a fact, at least in regard to the menstrual period.

Coming now to the author's use of the word "matriarchy" to denote the kind of community which was the beginning of all human society, let me give the reader one word of warning. The early community of human beings, which the author describes, and in which, he maintains, the roots of all religion, all social sentiment, and all superstitions, are to be found, is to be understood as something so fantastically unlike anything we know, or are familiar with, that the very words used to describe it are apt, owing to their usual connotation in the present individualist and patriarchal state, to lead to misunderstanding.

The Greek word ἀρχή suggests three ideas: the first place or power, leadership, or dominion. But there is no doubt whatever that, of all these three ideas, dominion is the one with which modern people chiefly connect it in its derivatives. Now to suppose that Mr. Briffault wishes one to understand that anything in the nature of a dominion of women existed in primeval times—I mean by *dominion*, control in our patriarchal sense of rule by law, edict, and authority—is utterly and entirely wrong. The picture Mr. Briffault gives is very different. The matriarchy he depicts is rather the leavening power of sentiment and mutual economic duties, voluntarily and cheerfully performed, in a society knowing no private property, no authority, and no superior and inferior. Again and again he himself reminds us of this, because he is well aware of the manner in which the modern mind can hardly help misinterpreting his interpretation.

Mr. Briffault is careful to point out (vol. i, pp. 421–422) that the matriarchal group of which he speaks rested not on the domination of the male, "but on the unifying bond constituted by the maternal instincts, *a group depending not* upon domination [the italics are mine], *but on sentiment and kinship*." Again, in vol. i, p. 433, Mr. Briffault says:

> It is assumed that in a matriarchal type of society the women exercise domination over the men similar or equivalent to the domination exercised by the men over the women in a patriarchal social order, and that the two types of society thus differ merely in the sex which exercises dominant power in each. But such a conception is very far from accurate. . . . The notion of such domination is entirely foreign to primitive humanity; the conception of authority is not understood, etc.

And on the next page:

> The primitive human group is matriarchal in the same way and for the same reasons that the animal group is matriarchal; it is not so by virtue of established domination, but of functional relations. . . . In the primitive human group, the motherhood . . . was not a domination imposed upon the male, or one which, before the development of personal property, conflicted with any of his interests or his instincts.

In the light of these careful reminders it is misleading to tell modern people without qualifying the statement that our author's matriarchy is the *Rule of Women*; it is also misleading to speak of the "inferiority of men" in this connection, and to refer to the secondary sexual

characteristics of modern women as having been those of the men in Mr. Briffault's matriarchate.

Finally, Mr. Briffault says in vol. iii:

> In the development of uncultured societies the intellectual powers of the human mind have played a much smaller part, the reactions of instincts to pressing needs a much larger one, than in the development of advanced culture. . . . [p. 507]. Those achievements which constitute what, in the best sense, we term civilization, have taken place in societies organized on patriarchal principles; they are for the most part the work of man. Women have had very little share in them. Women are constitutionally deficient in the qualities that mark the masculine intellect. When all values are relative, it is as irrelevant as it is invidious to speak of superiority and inferiority. Feminine differs from masculine in kind [p. 508].

While the reader may agree with all this, as I do, and even feel convinced by Mr. Briffault's able advocacy of his doctrine, he cannot help regretting that a better word than "matriarchy" could not have been found to designate the early and primitive phase of human culture to which our author attaches so much importance. Since he obviously does not intend it to convey what its modern meaning makes it convey, and since people of good intelligence have been misled, it seems a pity that he did not let the words *State of Motherhood* or *State of Mother-Right* serve in its stead. There is one other writer who has built if anything more solidly and more conscientiously even than Mr. Briffault, and to whom the book always refers in terms of the deepest respect, and this writer has concluded that matriarchy in the sense of the dominion of women over men has never existed, except sporadically and at rare moments. So although Mr. Briffault's conclusions can quite well be reconciled with those of Sir James Frazer, if we give matriarchy the limited and careful definition supplied by the former, we cannot, owing to its traditional connotations, succeed in doing so, if we allow our minds to lose sight for one instant of the reservations and conditions he imposes on his use of it. On this ground, and on this ground alone, I venture to join issue with the learned author of "The Mothers," not because he has failed carefully to define his use of the word "matriarchy," but because his definition so modifies its customary connotation that he might have done better to choose a totally fresh and different expression, and thus avoid all misunderstanding.

The Returned Soldier to His Comrade

By Anna de Bary

How we longed, when doing that eastern "stunt,"
  For these broken skies and showers,
For an English cottage with garden in front
  And the childlike English flowers!
I have all that we talked of—the apple and pear,
  The pansies and pinks and stock,
And an English wife with soft yellow hair
  And eyes as blue as her frock—
    But now I could die
      For a balcony brown
      In a hot, white town,
      A bunch of red,
      A dark, dark head,
    And a young man riding by.

How we raved, when on that last campaign
  The fever took all but a few,
Of the scents and sights of an English lane
  With the hay-wagons passing through!
I have but to lift my dream-heavy eyes
  To see what we then called bliss;
My little ones cling, my poor wife tries
  To conquer my mood with a kiss—
    But I sicken and die
      For a balcony brown
      In a hot, white town,
      A bunch of red,
      A dark, dark head . . .
    And myself to be riding by.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Scaremongers

"Did you read that article by Dean Inge?" asked Heddle. "The one where he says that the world'll be frozen out."

"If it is," replied Sergeant Murphy, "he'll be able to claim some of the credit for the job. He'll have done his bit."

"He says," continued Heddle, "that Science——"

"I know," said the Sergeant. "I read that article. It was the Dean at his best. Little Sunshine will now broadcast. But it didn't stop me from injoyin' me supper. There never was a scientist born that could give me a sleepless night. I can't prove they're wrong. All I can do is not believe them.

"There was a fellah, Heddle, the other day talkin' about the stars and he got dhrunk with figures and went dhrivellin' on about millions and billions, like wan of them cinema producers in Hollywood whin he announces for publication the cost of a new fillum. He told us that cosmic disturbances, whatever the divil they are, may put an end to the world at anny moment.

"And yet, Heddle, I shouldn't be a bit surprised to hear that this same fellah has invested his money in long-date mortgages.

"Also Mr. H. G. Wells, in a short fifty-thousand-word article, tells us that with a bit of luck we'll be mixed up in a terrific war in a few years' time whin aeroplanes will wipe London out so that nobody or nothin'—except perhaps the Albert Memorial—will escape.

"Another alleged scientist, fearing that his fellow min hadn't enough throubles already, joyfully predicted that some day, anny day, some new disease will come along and make wan gigantic graveyard of the worruld. Mind you, he admits that he has no proof or warrant for his statement. Where the disease is to come from, or why it should come at all, he doesn't explain. He merely wants to help the general movement to put the wind up the lowbrow population like me and you.

"Thin there was a he-Mother Shipton not long since got up a grand story about the insects. Accordin' to

him, the little divils were becomin' intilligint and had made up their minds to ignore Stopesian theeries, increase and multiply, form armies of billions, with cute little uniforms and ridgmental numbers, and massacre the whole human population.

"I was beginnin' to get scared about this. The way thim midges came on in echelon formation at the Co-operative Society's picnic and made a meal of my features showed me they'd little to learn about battalion dhrill. But whin the fellah wint on to say that they'd form a Parliament—fancy it, Heddle, an Insect Parliament, with, I suppose, Conservative ants, Liberal ants, Labour ants, and wan T. P. O'Connor ant—to plan out the gineral massacre, I began to breathe freely again. There's no Parliament ever lived could plan out any operation. If a Napoleon or a Mussolini ant came on the scene, it would be a different story.

"But, as I've told you before, if you want to put wan scientist in his place, you have to call on another to do it. And you won't need to ask him twice. He'll go through the air after the other fellow's scalp.

"The chap that talked about the insects ruling the world had scarcely said his piece whin a brother scientist arose.

"'I'm proud,' says he, 'of me learned frind and colleague's industry, but his deductions show that he himself stands in intellect somewhere between a black beetle and a goat. All this talk about insects developin' intelligence is pure bilge. Otherwise it's correct.'

"And scientists, though the worst, aren't the only offenders. There's a crowd of well-fed Cassandhrews who ask nothin' better than to predict the imminent desthruction of the British Empire. Let there be a partial failure of the vegetable marrow crop, or let a German run a mile quicker than anny of our lads, and up pops a prophet to talk about Nineveh and Tyre.

"Between me and you, Heddle, these attempts to do Ould Moore out of his job have no message for anny wan with sinse. They leave him just as cold as Lord Ottersthream's announcement—every month for the last three years—that the tide of British thrade has turned and that prosperity is beckonin' us ahead."

Managements

By Horace Shipp

Mozart and Salieri. *Boris Godounoff.* (Royal Albert Hall.)
Paul I. By D. Merejkovsky. (Court Theatre.)
The Lady in Law. By Georges Berr and Louis Verneuil. (Wyndham's Theatre.)
Israel. By Henri Bernstein. (Everyman Theatre.)

It has long been my contention that sustained and avowed virtue in the theatre is not only its own reward, but achieves more surely than any other means a certain liveliness in the box office. English people particularly like institutions. A management which sets out with some definite policy, and pursues that policy faithfully, will, in my experience, create and hold its equally faithful public. Especially is this the case if the policy is one of presenting the better type of play, for if once the work of a certain theatrical group becomes "the thing" in the circles of the intelligentsia, it will be talked about and argued about and echoed from Chelsea to Hampstead and St. John's Wood to Bedford Park, until the fame of it is "in the air" in that curious way which, more than organized publicity or professional criticism, guarantees a public for a play. Once established, the loyalty of that public remains as long as the management remains faithful to it; beyond this even, for where those garrulous arbiters of taste lead, a less discriminating, if numerically superior, public will gladly follow in quest of the right thing.

The subject is of interest because at the moment the discerning playgoing public are watching the managements whose productions stand at the head of this article, and the English theatre will be the gainer, inasmuch as they remain true to their standards. Mr. Cochran, that first of showmen, has made a daring experiment at the Albert Hall, and at one bound achieved an artistic, social, and, by that token, financial success. The Court Theatre, long the home of the intellectual drama and still trailing the clouds of glory from the Vedrenne-Barker season of fifteen years ago, renews its promise in an international season which opens with Merejkovsky's fine play raised to the highest standard of theatrical interest by Komisarjevsky's production. Miss Edith Evans, surely our most

brilliant comedy actress, has herself entered into management with Leon M. Lion; and although the first play produced under this combination has an air of hesitancy between the highbrow and the popular, our faith in Miss Evans and her own mentality will almost inevitably guide this management in the way it should go. The Everyman Theatre management, which in the past has suffered from uncertainty as to whether they were looking for West End winners or catering for the intelligent, has under its new regime taken the high road. The West End success of Strindberg's *The Father*, which owes itself to their artistic courage, may well encourage them in this course. The promise of plays by Strindberg, Galsworthy, Andréef, Ibsen, and Maeterlinck, among others, and this production of Bernstein's *Israel*, mean that the intelligent playgoer will be asking "What's on at the Everyman?" in the pleasant faith that the answer will satisfy him as to where to spend his evening and his shillings.

One pays these actual plays the compliment of criticism from the highest levels. Let it be said axiomatically that they are worth the time and attention of a person with an adult mind in contradistinction to the office-boy and housemaid mentality for which our theatres invariably cater. This is not to say that they are not good entertainment, even for those unsophisticated persons who constitute the great compact majority of our stallites and patient pittites; it is rather a guard against the danger that arises when one criticizes them on their own high standards whilst treating low-brow or no-brow revue with tolerance as the merest transient amusement.

One would, for instance, quarrel violently with the old-fashioned technique of Bernstein's *Israel*, wherein the whole of the first act seems to be taken up with setting the stage for the subsequent action, and where the language throughout is incredibly stilted. In this respect, though without the opportunity of comparison, I cannot but think that the translation is at fault, and that the play might with great advantage have been rendered into more idiomatic English. Nevertheless, it is an interesting play upon the theme of anti-Semitism, and with fine acting parts for Miss Irene Rooke and Mr. Harcourt Williams.

The Merejkovsky play at the Court is first of all a producer's triumph for Komisarjevsky, and then an acting triumph for Mr. George Hayes and Mr. Charles Laughton. This romantic and melodramatic story of the assassination of the mad Tsar, Paul I, and all the terror and pity which surrounded that end, alike for the protagonist himself and for his son Alexander, has made in Merejkovsky's hands a fine stage play and a fascinating study of human nature. Produced by Komisarjevsky, it is enthralling, and stands out among one's memories of fine things seen on the stage. Mr. Hayes, in a part which would cause any actor delight, gets every ounce out of the portrait; it is not the least part of his success that we find ourselves loving the mad and dangerous tyrant whom he presents. If his performance and that of Mr. Laughton as the cunning but beneficent leader of revolt must be singled out from a long cast, it is with the difficulty of choosing the perfect from the very good.

Much nearer in its comedy vein to the usual run of West End stage plays is *The Lady in Law*, with which Miss Evans has opened her season. I confess that I went to the theatre with a slight prejudice against the piece; for, knowing something of the play, I felt that Miss Evans had shirked her affair with destiny and chosen something which we might have had—had we wanted it—from less intelligent managements. In the theatre I was hypnotized out of that assumption. The play itself is really funny and witty, the writing is so slick, and the acting and production so sure that we enjoyed it thoroughly. Miss Evans herself, with that voice which would put the recording angel in the wrong, has a perfect part as the lady barrister who is wooed from her cold forensic heights by the stratagems of her neglected husband and hastily driven back there when he discovers the consequences; Mr. Frederick Leister, as the husband; Mr. O. B. Clarence, on the very borderline of farce as a client; and Miss Ann Codrington, as the brainless consoler of the husband, carried this Gallic fencing match off in fine form. If in the calm reflection of the morning after we re-assert that it is, in fact, *not* good enough for Miss Evans, that is paying her a high compliment, dictated by our memories of her. From Miss Evans we look for and hope for the best.

Books

PERSONAL RECORDS

THE ESSAYS OF MONTAIGNE. Translated by E. J. TRECHMANN. With an Introduction by the RT. HON. J. M. ROBERTSON. 2 vols. Oxford University Press. 7s.

EVERYTHING has long since been done for the reading public; "Omnia jam vulgata," a careful student of the classics of the world might think today; and new efforts by way of translation or commentary are seldom improvements. Here, however, in the pleasant type which distinguishes the "Oxford Editions of Standard Authors," is a real addition to our understanding of Montaigne. He is an easy writer, but sometimes his exact meaning is difficult to make out, and he wanders, as a man will in conversation. Mr. Trechmann has produced what, strangely enough, seems to be the first correct translation of the famous Essays, and his work is excellently done throughout, with the care that takes time and is not always devoted to works of classic rank. He dedicates his book to his predecessors and "collaborators," John Florio and Charles Cotton. These worthies have their merits as writers in a picturesque style no longer current, but they made many mistakes in rendering the sense of the original. It will not do to say with Henry Morley, who introduced Florio's version as one of the "Hundred Best Books," when Lord Avebury represented culture, that "his book, that was enjoyed by Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, will always bring us nearer to Montaigne than the best possible translation by a later hand." Such a verdict implies a familiar knowledge of Elizabethan English that the general reader certainly does not possess. It implies something more—an indifference to Montaigne's real meaning which no writer of mark, much less a personal essayist, could approve. As it is, a devoted friend, Mademoiselle de Gournay, edited the Essays with arbitrary changes that show little of the religious respect she boasted for her master. Florio occasionally gives us Shakespearian touches, as where he says that "consultation doth somewhat roughly hew the matter," but how many readers of today are going to understand a sentence like

> Are not these fit examples to verifie the authoritie which senses have over discourse?

Here there is no question of talking. Montaigne's "discours" and the Elizabethan "discourse" both mean the faculty of reason; and Mr. Trechmann produces the right sense with

> Do not these examples sufficiently prove how the senses dominate the reason?

Sometimes Florio is so florid that the sense seems lost. Mr. Trechmann can be familiar without being vulgar, and gives Montaigne's humour, which he rightly notes as important, as

well as his dignity and straightforwardness. The crowds of quotations, mostly from Latin verse, which appear on every other page, are rendered in metrical English, perhaps as well as could be expected. For some Latin classics no first-rate verse translations are available, and the best are liable to paraphrase. We wish, however, that this edition had given the exact reference to each passage as the modern French one we use does. The extra notes at the bottom of the page are always to the point.

Mr. Robertson has added a useful essay by way of introduction, and those who wish for more might read Emerson on "Montaigne the Sceptic," one of his "Representative Men." When considering the "curiously skilful counsels of doubt" in the Essays, as Mr. Robertson calls them, we allow ourselves to suppose that Montaigne's beliefs, like those of other men, varied at different periods of his life. We can say this today, though such an idea was either beyond our grandfathers or judiciously suppressed as shocking. Dr. Bowdler, who died a century ago, might have groaned over some of the free language in Montaigne's text, but his freedom is nothing to that of our smart novelists. Prudery, as Mr. Trechmann remarks, is quite out of date. Montaigne's habit of little personal confessions, which he probably derived from Seneca, is very much alive, animating the pens of modern essayists at large. V. R.

THE LETTERS OF GERTRUDE BELL. Selected and edited by LADY BELL, D.B.E. 2 vols. Benn. £2 2s.

THESE letters are the impeccable portrait of a vivid, forceful personality and the faithful record of a life full of tireless energy and unfailing enthusiasm. They are far above an autobiography because they have none of its inevitable self-consciousness. They were written, with no thought of publication, chiefly to the two people she loved best and from whom she concealed nothing—to her father, to whom she was infinitely devoted, and to his second wife, who more than filled the place that might possibly have been occupied by the mother she lost when scarcely more than a baby. Her love of family was a religion and realized the Roman ideal of *pietas*. Father and daughter were in the perfect sympathy and complete mutual understanding which give the letters their intimate charm. In a sense it was fortunate that her zest in travel took her so much from a very happy home, because letters became a constant habit and delight. They are wonderful letters. One expected a sense of fine English and a power of vivid description from the author of "The Desert and the Sown"; and readers of "From Amurath to Amurath" and students of the survey of Ukhaidir recognized an ardent and accomplished archæologist, but these were but preliminary tests of her splendid and courageous nature. Her physical powers, in a slight frame, were proved by her

famous ascent of the Finsteraarhorn, when even her experienced Alpine guides were almost at their wits' end; and Coolidge, chief judge of such exploits, pronounced her "the best of all lady mountaineers." Another kind of courage was needed when she made her venturesome ride to Hayil, Ibn Rashid's capital, to the great importance of which Dr. Hogarth bears testimony; there she carried her life in her hand, and it seems a miracle that she escaped from the Arab raiders. But she was already understanding her Arabs, with whom she later established such friendly relations as no one else has done. Yet this woman, who could ride for a dozen hours and made no fuss about a thirty-six mile ride over rough desert, had the gift of patient endurance of monotony. "I have learnt by now," she writes, "to bear rainy days in camp when you are never for a moment warm or dry and the hours are endless." To the last she could endure long days and years in a Bagdad office, with its exhausting climate and her frequent illnesses, in order to help her beloved Arabs to set up their kingdom in Iraq. The work killed her in the end, but she made light of its hardships. There were times when the hesitations of departments and ministers brought depression, but never despair; and at last, thanks to the firmness of her chief, the High Commissioner (Sir Percy Cox), and not least to her own unflagging efforts as his Oriental secretary, her choice of an Arab ruler (of course diplomatically concealed as far as might be) was tumultuously applauded by the Arab population. King Faisal was not slow to recognize how much he owed to her influence, and after his coronation greeted her, "Enti Iraqiya, enti badawiya," as "Mesopotamian and Bedouin." She felt herself part of her "dear East," and especially of the desert, and confessed to a dual nationality in feeling. The Arabs certainly looked up to her with something like worship, and what the "Khatun" ordained they did. Sir Percy Cox and his successor, Sir Henry Dobbs, in two chapters on the history of their administrations, bear official witness to her devoted services, but their praise sounds cool compared with the fervour of her Arab friends. It was a wonder that she did not become more puffed up by the astonishing influence she won, and she herself dreaded to "lose a sense of perspective." But her sound sense and insight into character preserved her from most pitfalls, and her keen sense of humour stood her in good stead. The letters are full of fun; learning a difficult Oriental language was "the greatest lark," and no one enjoyed life more thoroughly. Some will say that her enthusiasm for the Arabs carried her away, but in these days it is refreshing to find a determined enthusiast, the salt of the earth. Moreover, Gertrude Bell was a real woman, and delighted in frocks and fallals when she could get them sent out to her; one likes that.

One would as soon carp at the entries on the flyleaf of a family Bible as criticize Lady Bell's selection and editing of these letters of a unique and fascinating personality; but we do wish there had been a little more annotation to identify persons often difficult to place, and the index does not help. As for misprints and inconsistency in Arabic spellings, these do not matter. Miss Bell was no pedant and could afford to disregard diacritical points. STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

FICTION

OUR MR. DORMER. By R. H. MOTTRAM. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

MR. MOTTRAM has the burden of a great reputation behind him, but he has maintained it in this admirable book. It is an account of the fortunes of an East Anglian bank throughout the nineteenth century and on to its loss of character as a mere branch of a huge London concern. The publishers' brief abstract, however, ignores the real strength of the story. It is a subtle and satisfying chronicle of the changing ideas and ideals of England from 1813 onwards, and in particular of the material prosperity which seemed likely to last for ever to the complacent celebrators of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria. Mr. Mottram sees all along what is typical of England as a whole. Thus the book recalls that interesting play *Milestones*. He sees also the interest of local architecture, and of dress, furniture and drinks which reveal the tastes and desires of a period.

The group of persons round whom the story evolves is neatly devised and significantly described. The Dormer of the title rises to rule Doughty's Bank and his family hereafter dominate the Doughtys. He is a hard, unemotional Quaker, and when he is dead, his portrait in the bank still looks on and criticizes. He is canonized, while his Victorian grandson, selfish and successfully pushing till his Waterloo comes, is sketched in with virulent strokes. The depression of the war is still notably with us. The result of a century of Dormers and Doughtys, we read, was not that they were sought or admired, but that their word was trusted and their cheques everywhere accepted. This, it is suggested, is the lasting achievement of English civilization, and it is asked where we stand in poetry and philosophy, art and science beside Greece and the Isles. That is not, we reply, a question England need put aside. She is great in these things even to those who know the glories of Greece.

RIGHT OFF THE MAP. By C. E. MONTAGUE. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

MORE'S Utopia was isolated from the rest of the world in a way which would be impossible today, and the same may be said of the two small English-ruled republics of Ria and Porta, whose war for a dubious frontier containing gold makes Mr. Montague's

story. His writing is distinguished, and the book can be read for the fighting alone, which is effectively done. What stands out, however, is not the horror of war, but the cynicism and selfishness of the characters, apart from the soldiers. The hero is a soldier of fortune who shines beside the editor he admires and used to serve at school as a fag. The editor, essentially weak but a great orator, is mainly responsible for the outbreak of war, making a *volte-face* just to please the neurotic wife to whom he is a slave; and later he behaves most shamefully.

The whole book is full of the bitterness of our late war, its vulgarity, its unpreparedness and patriotic humbug—above all, its stay-at-home and pretentious leaders. "What a set! What a world!" as Matthew Arnold said of Shelley's associates. The bishop of the story is as hollow a fraud as the financier who makes paper boots for the army. We cannot say that this satire is unjustified, but

> **Bitters and acids may excite,**
> **Yet satisfy not appetite.**

It is only at the end that we find relief in a real love scene. Mr. Montague's prose is richly allusive, but sometimes, perhaps, over-elaborated. Thus he writes of the sub-tropical climate in "its happy sigh of release from the day's glare of the furnace that forges the rickety candelabra of the Rian cactus and fuses the queer splashes of gaudy enamel on to the Rian orchids."

THESE MEN, THY FRIENDS. By EDWARD THOMPSON. Knopf. 7s. 6d.

WHAT can the best customers of circulating libraries think of a book, calling itself a novel, in which the references to women would scarcely fill half a page? War books, too, have become wearisome to most of them. They will do well, however, not to leave this story of the "Mespot" campaign out of account, even if the most definite impression left on their minds at the end may be of the lamentable effects of ignorance and want of imagination in too many wearers of "brass hats" and occupants of green benches at Westminster. If any one of the four men whose experiences and friendship pervade the book can be selected as a special "hero," it is Hart the infantry commander, who, hating war, is a splendid leader in battle and, before he is finally shot down, does more to win through, by the confidence and affection of his men as well as by his professional knowledge and judgment, than any dozen brave, ruthless, and fiery officers of the Captain Waggett type, clearly depicted in these pages. History plays a large part in the story, and in some cases the conduct of famous commanders who are named is distinctly challenged.

It is not the incidents of war that will chiefly concern the more thoughtful readers of the book, but the moral and spiritual adventures of the men with whom, for a few hours, they will

live, the exchanges of ideas, and the solitary reflections over hard and cruel facts of existence.

AMONG THOSE SAILING. By COSMO HAMILTON. Hurst & Blackett. 7s. 6d.

WHILE some may doubtless be educated up to knee-kissing before very long (unless baulked by some new caprice of fashion), that pleasing practice and the mental outlook of its votaries, who figure largely in Mr. Hamilton's daring social comedy, are as yet not a little strange to staider minds. Fay, the central figure of the story, born of a decent father and a timidly indecent mother, is a jazz addict whose busy hours are monopolized by drink and negroid dances, her leisure moments being devoted to rehearsing the steps of the latter, and simulating to perfection the eye-rolling grimaces of gin-inspired niggers. She is American, and indeed, in a sense, it is but fitting that, as America has played the most spectacular part in "winning the war," so the American aftermath of decadence should be more spectacular—not to say staggering—than that afflicting the less-favoured nations that shared in the enterprise. That this rather repulsive character in its garish setting of Vichy and the Lido should emerge into something human, lovable and even likeable is a tribute to Mr. Hamilton's art. Dick, the "Bart," the puzzled but persistent wooer, for ever handicapped by ancestry and tradition, is admirably done, while the "gang" of bright young people with whom he finds himself involved in his pursuit of the elusive Fay seem dreadfully true with the paralysing reality of a nightmare. It is a book to be read with profit more than once, if only for the skill with which the author has contrived to evolve a satisfying harmony from a veritable jazz of outrageous and often distressing instruments. Among its pleasanter features is the picture of a pathetically human New York business man, trying to kill time, in all innocence, with his stenographer, while his wife and daughter are, all uninnocently, shedding his hard-won dollars in Europe.

CLASSICAL TRANSLATIONS

OTHERS ABIDE. By HUMBERT WOLFE. Benn. 6s.

IT is pleasant to know that one of the chief hopes of poetry today has a firm hold on Greek. The title of this book, taken from Matthew Arnold's sonnet on Shakespeare, covers a series of translations from the Greek Anthology. Mr. Wolfe acknowledges the help of Dr. Mackail's prose, and that of Paton in the Loeb series, but he gives no exact references, and what he calls an "index" is merely a list of contents. All books that contain a number of small poems should have an index of first lines, but this one seems above such commonplace details. Mr. Wolfe has already distinguished himself as a maker of epigrams and has kept as close as he can to the originals. The grace of the Greek, sometimes mannered, sometimes simple, has not been

lost, and the versions wisely tend to brevity rather than the expansion which enlarges a gem and spoils it. Thus a famous epigram is rendered:

> Fortune and hope, farewell! And keep your laughter,
> now I am home, for other men hereafter.

Here the main thought, "I have found the harbour," goes into a subordinate sentence, but the point of the epigram is well brought out. Simplicity and concinnity of expression mark many of these masterpieces. The difficulty is to win from our looser English the same effect without loss of naturalness, and Mr. Wolfe often succeeds in this quest. In general, he has got outside some of the stilted vocabulary of poetry and nearer normal speech, yet without suffering from "das gemeine," the common touch which is always at hand to upset the poet. But it is absurd to say that he has made other versions obsolete.

One of the epigrams reads:

> The spring redeems the earth, the stars' gold pity
> the sky, these men all Hellas and their city.

Here four statements are made into three, and a scholar may wonder if "gold pity," a beautiful phrase, is in the Greek. It is not, and Mr. Wolfe has deprived "spring" of its adjective "leafy," which was good enough for Shakespeare to use. "Gold" also appears beyond reason in

> You watch the stars. I'd watch, were I the skies,
> my love with gold and multitudinous eyes.

Surely this is the epigram by Plato, addressed to Aster, whose name, a star itself, is omitted. No English couplet, it must be admitted, has proved a satisfactory rendering of this gem, but Mr. Wolfe has not even tried to render it. He can, however, give all the Greek naturally and easily, as in this epigram:

> Said Cypris to the Muses, "I'll send Cupid
> all-armed to plague you, if you don't praise Venus."
> The Muses said to Cypris, "Don't be stupid!
> your baby couldn't cross the gulf between us."

LATIN ANTHOLOGY: THE AUGUSTAN BOOKS OF ENGLISH POETRY. Series II. No. 9. Benn. 6d.

THIS paper-covered booklet supplies a good choice from the best translations of Latin verse in English. Prof. Garrod, who signs the introduction, is a critic of good taste and knowledge, and repeats some things he included in his "Oxford Book of Latin Verse." The four chief masters—Lucretius and Virgil, Catullus and Horace—come off quite well with the aid of Dryden and Calverley, though no one as yet has repeated the magic of the Æneid. In spite of the great name of Milton, we cannot praise his version of Horace's Ode to Pyrrha, which, if it was ever reasonable English, is not so today. We should not choose Gladstone in this field when Conington is available, but the

version given is above his usual level. Dryden's fine paraphrase of the "Fortune Ode," which Thackeray loved, is rightly included, though it is hardly a translation. We prefer to Stevenson's version of a poem on Erotion from Martial the epitaph on the same theme most delicately done by Leigh Hunt. The translators of past centuries are not negligible, as this version by Roscommon of Lucan's epigram on Cato shows:

> The gods were pleased to choose the conquering side,
> But Cato thought he conquered when he died.

Prof. Garrod himself supplies an admirable version which carries over to English the mourning tenderness of Catullus, perhaps the truest and deepest poet of them all. Ovid, who was more a brilliant story-teller than a poet, is not included.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

THE BOOK OF TOBIT. Edited by ERNEST SHORT. Philip Allan. 10s. 6d.

THERE is a little feeling here of a too conscious attempt to make a book. The text of the truly delightful "Book of Tobit from the Apocrypha" forms the basis; to it is added a round dozen plates of the old masters' paintings of phases of the subject, and an introductory essay by Mr. Ernest Short. This last is full of quaint and interesting facts, with side glances at ecclesiastical laws and customs, at paintings and painters. Obviously the editor has a deeper regard for this story than that, for it is a pleasant piece of early fiction, and he allows his mysticism occasionally to have its say. The reproductions are printed in photogravure and form an interesting collection of pictures. Nevertheless, the whole has a little of the ephemeral air of a lantern lecture with a number of good slides, rather than the permanence demanded by a book *per se*.

TREASURE ISLAND. Illustrated by EDMUND DULAC. Benn. 15s.

WHETHER in a world of too many books there is justification for adding another edition of "Treasure Island" is a moot point of the ethics and economics of publishing; but this edition, if it need justification, has it in Mr. Dulac's illustrations. He is certainly one of our best book illustrators, with nothing specious, nothing merely showy and clever about his work. In this volume he has shaken off the Eastern influences which have so long characterized his drawing; but the subtle pattern, the truth to detail, and the delicacy of drawing remain. The actual pattern is often obtained by a use of aerial perspective with the interest concentrated on some group of human figures in small scale at one point of the picture. This very smallness of scale of the figures and the wealth of the other detail, as well as the beauty of his colour, will commend this book as a gift book to a child—if their elders can let it go out of their hands.

BOOKS

AN ARTIST IN THE TROPICS. By JAN POORTENAAR. With a Foreword by FRANK BRANGWYN. Sampson Low. 31s. 6d.

JAN POORTENAAR'S place as an artist and etcher is already established both here and in Holland; this book gives him claim as a writer. With his wife, who is a singer of folk songs, he essayed a long journey throughout the Eastern tropics, and, having introductions to the Courts and a real *flair* for the interesting things in this Javanese and other Eastern art and life, he is able to present, in the chapters of his book and in the scores of illustrations, an excellent impression of a fascinating country. "Other than an art book, other than a travel book, other than a log," says Mr. Brangwyn in his foreword; and it is true that the author's personality, expressed in two arts, has made a unique book. The chief point for criticism is a lack of synthesis in the writing as it passes from humorous description to something approaching poetry or straightforward narrative of events. It is probably as an art book that this volume will be most sought, alike for the many reproductions in black and white and in colour of Jan Poortenaar's sketches and pictures, and for his chapters upon the theatrical and other arts of these Eastern peoples. Mr. Poortenaar's viewpoint is that of the Javanese rather than of the Dutch. He finds in their art particularly a beauty and rightness which the Western colonists cannot better, and he has some provocative things to say on this score.

GENERAL

FIVE YEARS OF IRISH "FREEDOM." By "PAT." Drane. 2s. 6d.

THE eight chapters of this little book, the author tells us, were written for one of the great London daily papers, officially described as "brilliant," and paid for—but not published. "It was decided for the newspaper, not by it, that the work must be submitted for censorship to Mr. T. M. Healy." An odd censorship, indeed, which refuses brilliant work just because it has too much truth behind it! Ireland needs truth. It does not, we read, contain a single known economist among its journalists, and the attack on the Government has turned mainly on finance. It might turn equally well on education, the medieval rule of the priest, or the republican survival which is out to ruin the Free State and stands for less than 10 per cent. of the population. It has no influence on the agrarian regions, which are the principal source of Ireland's livelihood. The typical peasant remains "politically incalculable and mentally inaccessible." Education in every way is a crying need, frank recognition of root-causes and resolution to secure real liberty for the individual, and such a standard of life and manners as will make it possible for the worker to work, and get support when he needs it. Experts who

must know the real state of affairs remain prudently reticent and consent to the advance of humbug. The Irish language has been forced on the people as a heaven-sent means, we suppose, to secure the new nationalism. Yet, with few exceptions, the people hate and despise it, and the teachers regard it as a curse to education.

There is a Free State, but no general idea of what "freedom" is, still less of what a "State" implies. The mass of the people adore hopelessly illogical martyrs and never apply reason to the popular cry of the moment. If Ireland is to be saved at all, there must be more plain speaking like "Pat's," and much less theatrical vapouring.

TEN YEARS' ADVENTURES AMONG LANDLORDS AND TENANTS. By DAN RIDER. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

MR. RIDER has figured for years as a successful solver of the legal difficulties which surround rents, landlords, and tenants. He is indefatigable, a keen judge of human nature, and always genial. So, getting the best out of everybody because he expects it, he has had a good deal of fun out of his work. He never admits defeat and makes curious discoveries, as that a son for whom sufficient accommodation is claimed is eighteen months old. He has spent a fortnight lobbying in the House of Commons, and, as soon as he became known, was deluged with sacks of correspondence. He has a vast experience of County Courts, and has corrected a judge on a point of law. He has found patriotic and considerate landlords as well as tricky agents, and was once offered £1,000 a year to join some shady speculators in house property. His work, carried on with no thought of money, shows how much the zeal of a single enthusiast can accomplish.

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY. Vols. 801–6. Dent. 2s. each.

THE latest additions to "Everyman" are all attractive, the leading place being taken by "The Brothers Karamazov," in two volumes, translated by the masterly hand of Mrs. Garnett. The Christ-like figure of Alyosha alone is enough to make this book memorable. "The Life and Letters of Keats," by Lord Houghton, won the regard of that fastidious critic, Edward Fitz Gerald, and embodies the observation of Keats's close friend, Brown. We do not think so much of Ainsworth as we grow older, but even a mature reader may enjoy the strongly-coloured adventures of "The Admirable Crichton." Dr. Gore supplies some needed comment in introducing Renan's "Life of Jesus," showing the change of position as to the credit of the gospels among modern scholars. "A Book of Nonsense" has Lear, Lewis Carroll, and the author of "Struwwelpeter" to commend it, so that it should be welcome—if the young folks of today condescend to have the same taste as their elders.

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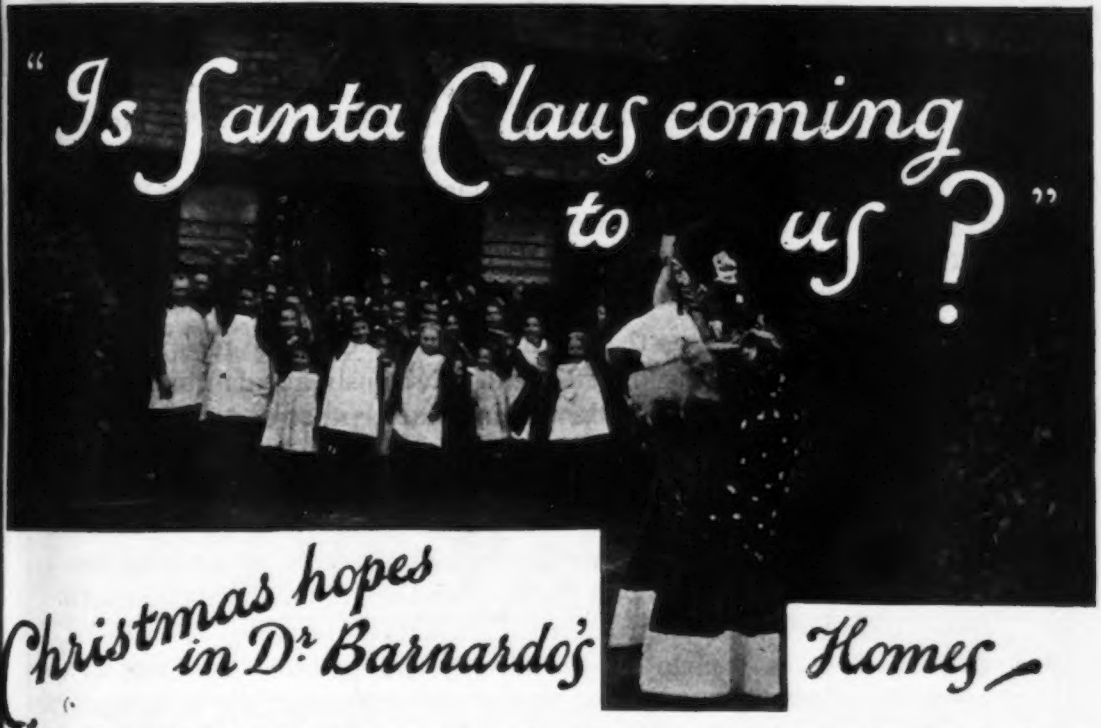

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